ICONOCLASM

AND WHITEWASH

AND OTHER PAPERS

BY

IRVING BROWNE

(EDITOR OF THE ALBANY LAW JOURNAL)

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PREFACE.

IN the ruins of a great fire in a city I once saw a long series of stone steps with columns and iron railings, standing at regular intervals in front of what had been a block of sumptuous dwelling-houses—pretentious porticos leading to nothing. That is what some prefaces are—large promise followed by inadequate fulfilment. Or, on the other hand, sometimes they serve as a vehicle of excuse for shortcomings of which the author is conscious, or of deprecation of adverse criticism which he knows he deserves. For the following unpretending studies of a busy man, out of the line of his ordinary pursuits, read at various times before learned and patient societies, I will offer no apology, and will not shrink from criticism, even if they shall be found worth a critic's notice.

One apology, however, I find I must make, but it is for a sin of omission and not of commission. In the paper on "Iconoclasm and Whitewash," I ought to have spoken of Mr. Story's poem, "The Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," in which the excuse for Judas is strongly presented. The omission was not intentional, for I had long been familiar with the poem, and the apology is the

more necessary from me, because Mr. Story is not only an accomplished artist and poet, as is well known, but he is also, as is not generally known, an accomplished lawyer and legal author.

As to the essays, I will only say, as lawyers say when they proffer testimony which they know to be unimportant, " I offer them for what they are worth."

I. B.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ICONOCLASM AND WHITEWASH 1

BIBLIOMANIA 31

SHAKESPEARIAN CRITICISM 57

GRAVESTONES: ESTHETICALLY AND ETHICALLY CONSIDERED 87

ICONOCLASM AND WHITEWASH.

IN the reaction of Protestantism and Puritanism against the gauds of the Catholic Church, hard-headed and heavy-handed ascetics went about knocking off the noses and limbs of the statues which peopled the dim old cathedrals. A subsequent generation piously restored or renewed those works, and did their best with paint and whitewash to repair the ravages of the greater spoiler, time. Similar iconoclasts and whitewashers go about in literature.

There is in human nature a singular and inconsistent tendency to soil the fame of the good and excuse the failings of the bad; to smut the saints and repair the rascals. Calumny and charity seem to go hand-in-hand in historic judgment. The spirit of contradiction is reluctant to admit the possession of superlative qualities in any. We strive to average the human race. In respect to this matter advocacy is much more easy than impartiality. The arguments on both sides seem irrefragable as they are separately presented. The advocates elude one another's grasp like weasels. They are lubricated all over with the oil of sophistry and rhetoric. And so difficult is it to determine which is right, that a chronic habit of scepticism on historical topics springs up among scholars. It may be asked whether contemporaneous estimate is not more apt to be right than con-

jectures centuries after the event? Or shall we say, with Sir Robert Walpole, "Anything but history, for history must be false."

Daring investigators are daily depriving us of our most familiar and cherished traditions of great men. Thus, under the scrutiny of Niebuhr and Mommsen have perished all the legends of early Roman history, the delight of our boyhood. Leonidas had been overrated; he had from 7,000 to 12,000 men at Thermopylæ, instead of the famous 300. Cæsar never said to any ferryman, "You carry Cæsar;" nor when he escaped by swimming at Alexandria did he hold his *Commentaries* high and dry in one hand. And when Brutus stabbed him he did not say, "*Et tu, Brute!*" And it is very doubtful that he ever said, "*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*" Æsop was not hump-backed. Omar did not burn the Alexandrian Library, because it was not he but Amru who took the city in 640, and the library had been dispersed by Theophilus 250 years before. Mr. Gould, in *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, spoils the story of Tell shooting the apple from his son's head. He shows that a similar tale was told at intervals for centuries before, in Indian, Persian, and Norse legends, and even in English ballads, and predicated of all sorts of heroes, and various kinds of vegetables and missile weapons. The story of Canute by the sad sea waves was not thought of until a century after his death. It is now said that Newton never saw any apple fall, or if he did, it raised no thought of gravitation in his mind. So, when Galileo recanted his theory that the earth moves, as unquestionably he did, he did not say, in an undertone, as all along we have been informed, "It does move, though." Very likely he thought it, but he was too wise to say it.

And so the old guard, at Waterloo, did not say, "The guard dies, but never surrenders," and then die; but having fought as long as they could, they sensibly surrendered and lived. It is much more likely that their commander, Cambronne, on being summoned to surrender, made the very undignified exclamation attributed to him by Victor Hugo in *Les Miserables*, and which he pronounces so fine. So Wellington, at Waterloo, did not say, "Up, guards, and at them!" for commanding generals are not wont to be so near the lines, nor thus to give their orders; but like a sensible, hard-headed old gentleman and stubborn fighter, as he was, he ordered, through his aids, "a general advance all along the line," as he himself tells us. Nor did he say, "Oh, that night or Blucher would come," for Blucher's troops were at hand in large numbers as early as three o'clock in the afternoon, and lost 6,000 before night. General Packenham, the British commander, on the eve of the battle of New Orleans, did not give as the watchword, "Beauty and Booty." Ethan Allen, on the capture of Ticonderoga, did not demand the fort "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," but he said, "In my own name and in the name of the Continental Congress," and added, with an oath, "and I will have it." Considering Colonel Allen's notorious unbelief in the Great Jehovah, I think the latter version decidedly the more probable. So General Taylor, "old Rough and Ready," at Buena Vista, did not say, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," but more probably he said, as has been reported, "Bragg, give 'em hell!" for he was not so polite as Sir Joseph Porter in *Pinafore*. And Mrs. Glass, author of the famous cookery book, did not write the one jest recorded of her, in the recipe for cooking a hare—

"first *catch* your hare." What she said was, probably, "scotch," *i. e.*, scorch, or singe, your hare. It would not surprise me, after this, to be informed that "single-speech Hamilton" never made any speech at all!

One of the most startling heresies of modern days is the theory that the Homeric poems were the songs of various strolling bards, handed down by oral tradition. This theory has been strongly advocated in the last century by Wolff and Heyne, eminent German scholars, and very recently resuscitated. There are difficulties in the way of attributing these magnificent poems to one unlettered bard, but they are trifling in comparison with the difficulties besetting the theory that they were the work of several unlettered bards. There is a plan and a coherence about them which renders it impossible that one brain should not have conceived them, or at least, that if one brain did not conceive them both, each was not the offspring of a single mind. The arguments in favor of the single authorship have been arrayed for the unlearned reader in an unanswerable manner by Grote, and by Mure in his *History of Grecian Literature.*

A recent writer has apologized for the monstrous crimes of Caligula on the extraordinary theory that they were in reality practical jokes. Mr. Merrivale seems to incline to the view that the youth was half-mad.

There is probably no name in literature more hated and despised than that of Machiavelli, who wrote a book counselling princes to commit the most monstrous iniquities. The very diabolism of the book seems calculated to prevent any acceptance of its inculcations, and to awaken a suspicion that the author could not have been in earnest. De Quincey thinks he has discovered that the work was intended ironically, and as a covert re-

buke to the wickedness of rulers. Carlyle seems inclined to the same view. Macaulay takes the opposite view. De Quincey's may be correct, and I hope it is; but if so, it is unfortunate for the author's reputation that he did not accompany his treatise with a key or an antidote, or adopting an expedient which Artemus Ward has since found so serviceable, write at the end, "This is sarkastikle." But however innocent or praiseworthy Machiavelli's intentions, it is probably too late to rehabilitate his reputation, and he must continue to be ranked as the wickedest of authors, and to furnish our familiar name for the devil—"Old Nick." It seems sad indeed that one who would not have been safe in speaking plainly, should be condemned to infamy as a participant in crimes which he really abhorred.

Mary Magdalen, Sappho, Xantippe, Aspasia, and Lucrezia Borgia have figured as very immoral or disagreeable ladies. Xantippe, who was too cross and ugly to be liable to the accusation of unchastity, has found champions in modern times who contend that she was not a shrew, or that at all events she did not scold Socrates more than was good for him. Thomas Starr King uttered a brilliant defence of the unphilosophical lady. Socrates was doubtless a very trying husband, and not a "good provider." Aspasia has been defended against the charge of being a courtesan and the mistress of Pericles, and has been depicted as a very learned and rather strong-minded lady, who ran counter to Grecian custom by leading a public life, and thus incurred the odious reputation attaching to her, but between whom and Pericles there really existed nothing more that a Platonic attachment. This is not incredible. Athens was a gossipy place; its inhabitants

were always trying to hear some new thing. It is possible that this accusation is as unfounded as the charge that Socrates corrupted the morals of the Athenian youth. It has been quite currently accepted that Lucrezia Borgia was a monster as fatal as Rappaccini's Daughter, and yet while Guicciardini, Pontanus, Victor Hugo, and Donizetti have represented her as a " Mænad with a vial of poison in one hand and a dagger in the other," Ariosto and others have declared her a model of every virtue, and Mr. Gilbert, her latest biographer, has divested her character of all romance whatever.

As Mr. Ebers informs us in a note in *An Egyptian Princess*, it is now supposed by the best authorities that Sappho was not a naughty woman, and did not leap from the Leucadian cliff to cure herself of love, and find death in the attempt. Mr. Mure, in his *History of Grecian Literature*, accepts the old theory of Sappho's licentiousness, but pronounces against the Leucadian leap. He finds in the looseness of Sappho's writings ample proof that she was of impure character. This does not always follow. For example, Mrs. Behn's novels are excessively licentious, but we are not aware that her own character has ever been impugned. Against the probability of the leap, Mure adduces the fact that Sappho was old and plain at the time in question. But neither age nor ugliness has always prevented women from falling desperately in love. It seems that those nearly contemporary with the poetess believed both these allegations against her.

As to Mary Magdalen, it is said there is no evidence whatever that she was not pure. Her lunacy by no means draws unchastity in its train. The modern appellation of " Magdalen " is therefore a misnomer.

On the other hand: some believe that Lucretia, the Roman, was anything but chaste, and took her own life through fear of discovery and exposure.

As to Beatrice Cenci, so long bewailed as an outraged saint and martyr, victim of a father's unnatural lust; the heroine of Shelley's great drama; the subject of Guido's divine picture, "over which innumerable multitudes have glowed and wept," and of Harriet Hosmer's exquisite statue; Beatrice, it is now confidently asserted, was a bad young woman, who had an amour and an illegitimate child, and unjustly accused her watchful father in order to screen herself from punishment for his murder. Guido's picture, it is now said, is not a portrait of Beatrice; he never saw her, and did not come to Rome until eight years after her death. It is small recompense for the loss of Beatrice and Lucretia to have saved Sappho, Xantippe, Aspasia, and Lucrezia, although Mary Magdalen counts higher.

But what shall be said of the man who denies the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc? M. Delepierre has discovered documents which indicate that if she burned at all it was for love, for she was married and became the mother of a family at Metz; that she received payments from her brother in 1435 and 1436, and that in 1439 she received a present from the city of Orleans for her services during the siege. Many other documents corroborate the theory that the tale of her execution was invented to throw odium on the English. This from a Frenchman, too! But if we are astonished at the candor of the Frenchman, what shall we say of the patience of the English people, contemporary with the Maid, which uncomplainingly suffered so foul an imputation?

We must give up Godiva, too. The tale of Leofric and Godiva, and the ride of the latter through Coventry, "clothed on with chastity," while "the shameless noon was struck and hammered from a hundred towers," is a baseless legend. Coventry did not exist at that day. With Godiva, "Peeping Tom" must go down.

To come from retail to wholesale, we must surrender the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne, in spite of their bones now visible there. De Quincey says the idea arose from the name of a nun, Undesimilla, and its resemblance to *undecim millia.*

Two of the most abominable characters in English history are Richard III. and Henry VIII. But the former has found a recent champion, who says: "During Richard's brief reign of three years he showed himself to be an enlightened and wise monarch, far beyond the age in which he lived. He trampled out a system of taxation that was unjust, and passed wise laws on landed property. His parliament was declared by impartial historians to have been the most admirable for protecting and improving the general national interests since the time of Edward I., two hundred and fifty years before. He was at the same time a patron of literature. The laws of the land were printed in his reign for the first time; previously they had existed only in manuscript and French, and hence were inaccessible to the masses. Let us picture him to our minds, not in the light of a hump-backed usurper, deep in the blood of friends and relatives. He was an avowed devotee of fashion, an accomplished gentleman, a sagacious leader, an acute politician, a wise statesman, and a just legislator." I breathe more freely. I always thought Shakespeare made him too bad to be real. It is evident

that Anne had a more correct estimate of him than the mob. Let some new Cibber re-adapt Shakespeare's drama to the changed conditions, and let us forget old Henry, the princes, Clarence, and the rest of them, and let the ghosts of Bosworth Field be laid.

Henry Eighth, of England, has been almost uniformly depicted as a cruel and sensual tyrant. Mr. Froude, however, has come to his rescue. The great historian argues that we can place no reliance on contemporaneous estimates of his character, for he had incurred the enmity of both the great religious parties; that he had an intense longing for male issue to succeed to his throne, it being supposed that female issue could not inherit the sovereignty; that his wives whom he put to death were bad women, Anne Boleyn having been condemned by the unanimous judgment of seventy of the principal and most independent men in the kingdom, and Catherine Howard by her own unquestioned confession; that he lived most harmoniously with Jane Seymour, by whom he had a son, and directed in his will that he should be buried by her side. This defence of Henry involves the condemnation of Anne Boleyn, and so the historian has a task doubly hard. The desire to hand down a throne to one's descendants frequently makes a great man stoop to injustice, as in the case of Napolean and Josephine, but we cannot shut our eyes to the evidence that in addition to this desire, Henry was a grossly sensual beast. Mr. Froude's defence is a very ingenious piece of advocacy without evidence, but can hardly reverse the verdict of three centuries. It does however convince us that Henry was a man of great native talents and strength of character.

The character of Queen Elizabeth stands in a new light

under the researches of Motley and Froude. This extraordinary woman has furnished a contradiction to the theory that women are not fit to rule, and to her have been attributed nearly all the virtues of which human nature is capable, and all the prosperity of one of the longest reigns and one of the most distinguished epochs in English history. She is familiarly and affectionately denominated "Good Queen Bess," but after reading the revelations of modern historians, especially Motley, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that she was one of the meanest characters in history—despotic, violent, intolerant, false, hypocritical, fickle, timid, penurious, credulous, ungrateful, unscrupulous. The splendor of her reign is not so much due to any merits of her own as to the wisdom, foresight, and firmness of her great councillors and soldiers; yet it cannot be denied that Queen Elizabeth loved her country, and this, with her learning, constitutes her only title to gratitude or respect from the careful students of history. Like her father, she was a strong character, but she seems not to have inherited his sensual passions.

Naturally we turn from Elizabeth to her rival and victim, Mary. Disputation concerning her character is no new thing, but within a few years there seems to have been a revival of the sentimentality that long ago strove to construct a saint and a martyr out of an indubitable murderess and adulteress. Mary had all the vices of the worst family that ever sat on the English throne, and nothing but the necessities of sectarian controversy could have blinded scholars to her true character. The weakness of the cause of her adherents is illustrated by their desperate charge of forgery of the casket letters, which no dispassionate student can now believe not to have been genuine,

and by the damning fact, that at least she married the known murderer of her husband, with his hands unwashed from that crime. Mr. Froude even strips this wretched queen of the one gift to which it has always been supposed she had an indefeasible title—her traditional beauty. General de Peyster insists that she was six feet tall. An early portrait represents her as tall as Darnley. Her execution seems to have been an unavoidable act of self-defence on the part of Elizabeth, only marred by the harshness and hypocrisy which accompanied it. In Schiller's *Mary Stuart* one gets a powerful and touching, but extremely unfaithful portrait of this queen—a very tigress in her beauty, her treachery, and her cruelty.

Elizabeth reminds us of Dudley, Earl Leicester, her favorite. The readers of Scott's *Kenilworth* have carried away a bad impression of this man, and have probably shed many tears over his unfortunate wife, Amy Robsart. But a recent biographer asserts that their marriage was public; that the whole of Amy's married life was before her husband was created Earl of Leicester; that she never was at Kenilworth; that he did not acquire it until three years after her death; that Sir Richard Verney, ("Varney") was high sheriff, and a very worthy gentleman, who died naturally in his bed; that Tony Foster was a decent man; that Dudley lived openly with his wife except during the last two years of her life, when he was obliged to dance attendance on the queen; that there is no evidence that they lived unhappily or that he neglected her, but on the contrary, her own letters show that she had full authority to transact his business in his absence, and his accounts show that he provided munificently for her; and finally, that she acted strangely

shortly before her death, and probably died by suicide or an accidental fall. Scott's authority "was the venomous book called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, concocted against Dudley by his enemies."

By virtue of a high-sounding phrase, pronounced after Pavia, Francis I. long imposed on mankind—"We have lost all save honor!"—an utterance worthy of a great man. But Francis was not great in any point; he was simply a gallant soldier. Not even a skilful commander; the dupe of an intellectual king like Charles V.; without state wisdom; the slave of mistresses, uncaring for his people.

Of the awful denial of Shakespeare's authorship I shall speak in another place.

The great Lord Bacon, who has come down to us in Pope's epigrammatic judgment as "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," finds in Mr. Dixon a brilliant advocate against the charges of treachery to his patron, Essex, and receiving bribes as a judge. The sum of this defence seems to be that in Bacon's day all judges took bribes and all courtiers were ungrateful. This is equivalent to saying that Bacon was no worse than his contemporaries. The answer to this is that his contemporaries, at all events, seemed to think it wrong for a judge to take bribes, and punished Bacon for so doing. Therefore, Bacon was undeniably inferior in moral sense to his contemporaries. Indeed, he did not attempt to excuse the act except by saying that he never sold justice, that his judgments were always conscientious, although he might have received a present from one party to the suit. In respect to Essex there can be no doubt that Bacon was disloyal to his benefactor. Bacon was a selfish man, a time-server, wait-

ing on courts, and intent on his own fortunes. That posterity to whose judgment the great man committed his reputation has done his unparalleled genius full justice; but there are spots on the sun, and there are these distinct blemishes on Bacon's character.

We have long supposed that Joe Miller, if not witty himself, was at the least "the cause that wit was in other men;" that he was the collector of jests and the publisher of such a collection. But now it is said that he never did anything of the sort; that he was a respectable, dull, and singularly grave actor, and that the jest-book attributed to him was not put forth until long after his death—perhaps attributed to him on the principle of *lux a non lucendo.*

The first Napoleon, after having been more ridiculously slandered in his lifetime than any other great man in modern history, was afterward elevated to the position of a demi-god, and now is suffering from a reaction under the disclosures of Lanfrey, Metternich, and Madame de Remusat. It has even been discovered that his name was not Napoleon, but Nabulione! So near have we come to verifying Archbishop Whately's mock demonstration that he never lived. This greatest man of modern history had many petty weaknesses and some great vices. His greatest vice was in believing that mankind possessed no virtue. He was a man on a colossal scale of intellect and passions, but his moral attributes were dwarfish in comparison. His detractors may talk about the Napoleon "legend," but it is true that he captured every great capital in Europe but one; that the apparition of his cocked hat and gray coat on the sands of Boulogne threw England into trepidation; that he taught the nations how to make war, and

that he was only quelled at last by being smothered by numbers.

Guicciardini, whom Isaac D'Israeli pronounces a trustworthy historian, tells us that Martin Luther was so terrified by being placed under the ban by the emperor, Charles V., that had he received some preferment he would have renounced his errors; but he was thrown into such despair by the threats of Cardinal San Sisto, the apostolic legate, that he did not care to make an effort to save himself. Can it be possible that good Protestants must relinquish the story about the devils and the roof-tiles? Can Protestants afford to exchange Luther for Mary?

In the history of our own country the court of review has been making great havoc of reputations. To begin at the beginning, the claims of Columbus to the honor of first promulgating the idea of a Western hemisphere, and of discovering it, have been strenuously controverted in a recent book by a Western writer. It is this author's belief that the Northmen had discovered this continent long before Columbus, and that their discovery was known in his time. This is a great piece of irreverence, almost equal to speaking disrespectfully of the equator, which Sydney Smith pronounced the most awful instance of scepticism conceivable. But as Dr. Schliemann in digging up old Troy came upon a still older city under it, so this writer might well have gone back from the Northmen to the Phœnicians, of whose prior occupancy of this country there exist very strong proofs in Yucatan and elsewhere. The idea that Columbus' discovery was but a rediscovery is rapidly gaining ground among modern scholars. It is highly probable that the *ultima Thule* of the ancients was

a traditional survival of maritime discoveries in the dim morning of history. At all events, it seems pretty certain that the story of Columbus and the egg is an invention.

Mr. Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Mexico* has long been the delight and boast of our countrymen, but now comes Mr. Wilson, who argues that Mr. Prescott's authorities are unreliable; that they were a pack of lying and bragging soldiers and priests, whose aim was to glorify the exploits of Cortes, without any regard to truth or probability. Mr. Wilson asks, with considerable force, how, if the Aztecs were the cultivated and numerous people described by the Spanish historians and reported by Mr. Prescott, they could have been overrun by a few hundred men at arms? Where are the remains of their achievements in architecture and the other arts? Mr. Prescott's rhetoric will never cease to charm, but the historical authority of this work has received a damaging shock from Mr. Wilson's criticisms. And so great is Mr. Prescott's reputation, and so long have the traditions which he narrates been told and credited, that comparatively little attention is paid to his critic, and so posterity will continue to believe, I suppose, that six hundred Spanish soldiers overran and conquered a country inhabited by some millions of people advanced in civilization and the arts.

One of the most ruthless results of modern historical iconoclasm has been the demolition of Pocahontas. About the prosaic and somewhat common name of John Smith, until recently, has entwined one of the sweetest of legends. But alas for faith in history and in human nature! and alas for some of the first families of Virginia! the fair fame of the lovely copper-colored maiden has received a deadly smirch from a prying investigator. We

are now assured that the Indian princess was a mere camp follower of the whites, and of the most light and naughty behavior. Captain Smith was notoriously a very gallant man among the ladies, and it is not incredible that she had the strongest motive for rescuing the adventurer from the club of her father. Others say that Smith, who was a notorious liar, invented the story of his rescue. A writer in *Scribners' Magazine* points out the anachronistic, if not apochryphal character of the painting of the baptism of Pocahontas, in the national Capitol at Washington. We are fain to dismiss Pocahontas with a sigh.

Must we give up Plymouth Rock and the 22d of December? I confess I was always inclined to scepticism about that rock; it seems an instance of detail too romantic for prosaic credence. The descendants of the Pilgrims have taken great care of it—fenced it in—pity they did not take better care of an undoubted "landmark" like the Province House, or the Hancock House, and that they have allowed the Old South Church to suffer threats of demolition. But it is now said by Mr. Sidney Howard Gay, that the Pilgrims probably did not land first at Plymouth, and certainly not on the 22d of December; and on the base of Mr. Ward's statue of the Pilgrim, in Central Park, the date stands December 21st. The exact case is thus summed up by Mr. Curtis in a recent "Easy Chair," in *Harper's Magazine:* "It was on the 21st of November, new style, that the *Mayflower* cast anchor in the bay which is now the harbor of Provincetown, Cape Cod. The Pilgrims went ashore, but found no water fit for drinking, and in a little shallop which the *Mayflower* had brought a party began to explore the coast to find a proper place for a settlement, and on the

16th of December, new style, they put off for a more extended search. On Saturday, the 19th, they reached Clark's Island, in Plymouth Bay or Harbor, so called from Clark, the chief mate, who first stepped ashore, and on Sunday, the 20th, they rested and worshipped God. On Monday, the 21st of December, they crossed from the island to the main-land, somewhere probably in Duxbury or Kingston, which was the nearest point, and coasted along the shore, finding in some spots fields cleared for maize by the Indians, and copious streams. They decided that somewhere upon that shore it would be best to land and begin the settlement, but precisely where they did not determine, and sailed away again on the same day, the 21st, to rejoin the *Mayflower* at Cape Cod.

"The next day, therefore, the 22d of December, the Plymouth shore and waters relapsed into the customary solitude, and the little band of Pilgrims were once more assembled upon the *Mayflower*, many miles away. It was not until the 25th of December that the famous ship left Cape Cod, and on the 26th she dropped anchor between Plymouth and Clark's Island. Not before the 30th was Plymouth finally selected as the spot for settlement, and it was not until the 4th of January, new style, that the Pilgrims generally went ashore and began to build the common house. But it was not until the 31st of March that all the company left the ship. The actual authorities upon the subject are of course very few. But they have been carefully collated by Mr. Gay, in his *Bryant's History of the United States*, and the story is there clearly told." I believe that this demolition of the 22d of December is a poetic retribution upon the Puritan people for their scoffing at the 25th!

The heroes of our revolutionary period have come down to us in colossal proportions. I have long suspected that it was impossible for any man to be so insupportably good as Washington has generally been represented. We would not detract from his unquestionable moral grandeur, but it is certainly a relief to ascertain that he was a man and not a god. Our countrymen have long since ceased to "take any stock" in the hatchet story, but still we do not believe he would lie. We believe, rather, that like Mark Twain, he *could* tell a lie, but wouldn't. He probably was no better than Moses, who was vexed at the rock, and it appears that he swore awfully on one or two occasions, notably at General Lee at Monmouth; but we do not suppose him a profane man. He is reported to have laughed once at seeing a soldier blown over by the concussion of a cannon, but we do not suppose he was always giggling like a school-girl. He played at cards for money, like other gentlemen of his time, but we do not accuse him of being a gambler. It is thought that he was not quite so cold as Joseph, but no one has ventured to say that he was grossly licentious. He was an aristocrat, fond of show, cold and formal in manner, rather unapproachable, and his administration was extravagant in the President's personal expenditure. His political contemporaries thought him no saint; on the contrary, no public man of his day or since has been worse abused. It is quite possible to believe that Washington was an exceptionally great and good man, but impossible to believe him the prig and "goody" that foolish biographers have made him. On the other hand, Mr. McMaster, in his recent history, in his eagerness to expose his faults, hardly does justice to a shining character when he says:

"His true biography is still to be prepared. General Washington is known to us, and President Washington, but George Washington is an unknown man. When at last he is set before us in his habit as he lived, we shall read less of the cherry-tree and more of the man. Naught, surely, that is heroic will be omitted, but side by side with what is heroic will appear much that is commonplace. We shall behold the great commander repairing defeat with marvellous celerity, healing the dissensions of his officers, and calming the passions of his mutinous troops. But we shall also hear his oaths, and see him in those terrible outbursts of passion to which Mr. Jefferson has alluded, and one of which Mr. Lear has described. We shall see him refusing to be paid for his services by Congress, yet exacting from the poor mason the shilling that was his due. We shall know him as the cold and forbidding man with whom no fellow-man ever ventured to live on close and familiar terms. We shall respect and honor him for being, not the greatest of generals, not the wisest of statesmen, not the most saintly of his race, but a man with many human frailties and much common sense, who rose in the fulness of time to be our political deliverer."

Mr. Bancroft has incidentally shown that Greene, Read, and Schuyler were quite ordinary men, who made mistakes and had some weaknesses. Hereupon the angry brood of their descendants, whose main stock in trade has been the reputation of their ancestors, have waged a pamphlet war upon the unhappy historian, which has kept him as busy as a fisher upon an Adirondack lake in the fly season. What will all our school-boys say to Mr. Dawson, who essays to demonstrate that General Putnam

was a very small-sized hero; that the story of the wolf-den is apocryphal; that Horse Neck Hill, down which the pictures in school histories represent the gallant man galloping, brandishing his sword in the most dangerous manner, was but a moderate declivity; and that the surprising number of bullet-holes which the general received through his blanket, on his escape from the Indians in Canada, is explained by the circumstance that he wore his blanket rolled up on his back, and that when the blanket was unrolled, the perforations would appear to have been made all by one bullet!

On the other hand, there has been a dismally futile attempt very recently to extenuate the offence of Arnold. It is a mistaken idea that Arnold's merits were not recognized by the government and the commander-in-chief. Washington well knew his merits and his weaknesses, and while he did not grudge him the praise due a gallant fighter, saw that he had neither the moral nor the intellectual qualities fitting him for an important general command. Arnold was a bad man; his crime was without excuse; and history has given him his deserts.

But has not history given Major André rather better than his deserts? His fate excited among his enemies the sympathy naturally flowing toward a young man meeting an ignominious death with fortitude, and his countrymen have given him a monument in Westminister Abbey. But André was evidently a sort of carpet-soldier, the pet of ladies, the envy of fellow officers, the hero of the *Mischianza*, a dabbler in amateur theatricals, and a bad poet; and we should take his death more to heart if he had not, in his letter to Washington, hinted at retaliation on the persons of our troops, prisoners in the enemy's

hands at Charleston, if he were harmed. He also slandered the incorruptible men who captured him, insinuating that they were on the point of yielding to his bribes and releasing him, and that they carried him into the American camp only in expectation of a larger reward; thus for a time in our Congress the reputation of these patriots seemed in danger of obscuration. We turn from him to our own Nathan Hale with feelings of love and pride. It would be more becoming in Cyrus Field to raise a monument to Hale in New York than to André at Tarrytown.

It is now asserted that Tom Paine was neither an atheist nor a drunkard.

And then there is Judas, than whom no historical character stands in greater need of whitewash, and who has accordingly received, at the hands of a German commentator, a very decent and plausible coat of that alleviating mixture. The hypothesis of the apologist is, in substance, this: Christ was by his disciples supposed to be the temporal Messiah or king, whose coming had been predicted, and who was to restore the faded glories of the Jewish dynasty. Christ tried to disabuse his disciples of this idea. Judas was bent on compelling Him to declare Himself in his supposed character, and so betrayed Him into the hands of the Jewish authorities, trusting that self-defence would compel Him to assume His temporal sovereignty, and that His disciples would accordingly receive authority and reward. On the failure of his scheme, he did not "hang himself," as is now generally conceded, but was choked to death by an overwhelming rush of grief and excess of remorse. So here we have the greatest criminal in history recommended to mercy. There is nothing unreasonable or improbable in this theory.

On the commonly accepted theory there is no adequate motive for the betrayal. Money, evidently, was not the motive, for Judas returned the money. A deep-dyed villain would have kept it. Judas evidently was disappointed in the result of his work. On the common theory, why should he have been? He had done just what he set out to do. Judas was filled with remorse and sorrow. The dark traitor would not have been. Things had evidently gone differently from what Judas anticipated, and spurning the price of innocent blood, he died of grief. I love to cherish this belief, for it somewhat lightens the foulest blot on humanity, and mitigates an act which Christians and unbelievers must otherwise unite in pronouncing the most awful crime recorded in the history of our race.

This subject is aptly illustrated by the different estimates put upon popular favorites in literature during their lives and after their death. The tendency of posthumous criticism is to separate the man from his works and to measure his works by his personal character. We may point to Dickens and Thackeray as examples. They were the idols of the novel-reading public during their lives, their works were anxiously waited for, their lightest breath moved to tears or laughter. Now that they are gone, the people have opened their eyes to what they might have known all along—that they were weak men in many respects, and hence the popularity of their works is suffering a reaction. Dickens wore flashy jewelry, was not an ideal husband, lacked sincerity, breadth, and forecast; while the great snob-killer was himself a snob, charmed by the smile, chilled by the frown of a duke. But what of that? Is Samuel Weller the less amusing; Florence Dombey the less filial; Sidney Carton the less heroic? Are

Colonel Esmond and Becky Sharp the less strong and true to nature, and is the *Book of Snobs* less trenchant and wholesome?

On the other hand, men whose works suffered lack of contemporary interest because of clouds upon their authors' characters, have come out of obscurity after death has removed their authors to the judgment of another world. Shelley is an example of this. Is he any less the infidel?

Some authors, whose works were contemporaneously popular, but who were themselves ostracized on account of their personal vices, have since their death received absolution. Thus we are erecting statues and busts to Byron and Poe, and writing their biographies anew. Are they any less the rake and drunkard?

So there is a strong tendency to apologize for and even commend "George Eliot" for breaking the laws of God and man to promote her own selfish happiness. Great woman as she was, she was not great enough to defy the better public opinion. "Hard case," no doubt, for two people genuinely in love with one another; but how much more lovely their lives would have been if they could have sacrificed their selfishness and their passions, and lived like pure friends! Biography is full of harder cases, borne uncomplainingly and devotedly. Society has winked at this great woman's wrong-doing because she was so great; but the true nature of her act is disclosed when we reflect that she deliberately ran the risk of bringing innocent children into the world who would have no name, and no rights to speak of, and at whom the finger of scorn would always have been pointed. As for the "romance" of the affair, she characterized it by marrying a man much

younger than herself as soon as Lewes was conventionally cold! No one can read her life without being struck by her enormous selfishness; the intellectual goddess is clay.

And in respect to some authors of great popularity during their lives, and then and now above reproach in their character, posterity seems to take delight in detracting from their performances simply because they obtained so much applause while their authors lived. Macaulay illustrates this phase. Because he was not a Bacon in philosophy or a Hallam in historical judgment, we are assured that he was superficial and prejudiced. One recent critic even assures us that he will be remembered for nothing but his *Roman Ballads!* By-and-by another reaction will come, and his brilliant essays and his marvellous history will be restored to their proper place. So now the great iconoclast, Carlyle, after half a century of adulation, is suffering a course of detraction.

No man was more universally a favorite in his lifetime, both personally and in his works, than Tom Moore. Few are less thought of now. It is said to be one of the traditions of Printing House Square that the obituary notice of Moore, as originally written toward 1830, covered some two pages of the *Times*, and was extravagant in its praise and regret, but that as it was rewritten from time to time during the next quarter of a century, it gradually became shorter and less eulogistic, till when the occasion came for its use it was comparatively brief and exceedingly moderate.

How capricious the judgment of posterity upon literary men may be is illustrated by Sir Henry Taylor's recent declaration that Southey was "the greatest man" of his time in literature!

Iconoclasm has been busy with the heroes of the tales that delighted our boyhood.

It seems that the tale of Sir Richard Whittington and his cat, or rather the story of Sir Richard Whittington and the tail of his cat, has no foundation; but there is an unnecessary refinement of cruelty in the process of destroying our faith. A "cat" in his days was a vessel built in a peculiar form for carrying coals, in which business Sir Richard became rich, and the Moors of the story were his smutty-faced coal-heavers. The legend has been gravely discussed by antiquarian societies, and its authenticity asserted by learned men; but in truth, it was a familiar tale in several other countries long before Whittington's time. The solution above given was put forth, perhaps originated, by Foote, in one of his comedies, in which he ridiculed the antiquarians. In one of the portraits of Whittington, representing him with his hand on a skull, the skull has been changed to a cat. It is a pity to lose Whittington's cat. The cat has been abolished in our army and navy. Would that it could be abolished from our backyards! But the famous cat of the legend might well have been spared us, and it is by no means certain that the good man had not some association with the feline race that gave rise to the legend. We prefer to believe that he was fond of cats, like Montaigne, who was depicted with his cat.

So Cinderella had no glass slipper. The translator has mistaken *vair* (sable) for *verre* (glass). Sable-trimmed shoes were worn by royalty, and such the fairy gave her favorite.

The iconoclast has not stopped at individual instances, but has undertaken to demolish the whole human race. Thus, one of the most generally accepted and most base-

less of conjectures is that which holds that men in modern times are physically degenerate and continually degenerating. There is no evidence anywhere that man was ever bigger, stronger, swifter, or hardier, under similar conditions of food, climate, and training, than now. There are in existence comparatively few coats of armor which a modern English or American regiment could wear. Very few moderns could wield the ancient swords, not because the weapons are too heavy, but because the hilts are too small for their hands. The mummies of the ancient Egyptian conquerors are no larger than the modern Egyptians, and are not so large as modern Englishmen. The feats of modern pedestrians and acrobats surpass anything recorded of ancient times. Leander swam the Hellespont, but Captain Webb swam the British channel. Milo lifted an ox, but Mr. Winship lifted more than 3,000 pounds. Under improved conditions of living, human life is longer than it was three thousand years ago. Much is said of the physical deterioration of modern American women. Doubtless our climate is not especially favorable to health, but I have never seen any evidence that our great-grandmothers were stronger or longer-lived than the present generation of women. If portraiture and tombstones are trustworthy, it was much the same then as now, and it must not be forgotten that our female ancestors had few stairs to climb.

Let us not vex our souls with any imaginings upon the so-called Darwinian theory. If any man feels it in his bones that he is descended from an ape, I have no quarrel with him. He is at liberty to figure his ancestors in his own way. For my own part I cannot believe that monkeys ever inhabited my family tree. It hardly fol-

lows, because some men can wriggle their scalps and move their ears, that all men were once baboons. It is true that in the human frame there is a good place for a tail, but as we have never found any tail there, we are content to believe that men never carried that superfluous member. Such a theory is quite consistent in those nations who worship the ape, but it will hardly answer for those who profess to believe that "God created man in his own image," and "a little lower than the angels."

Finally, the iconoclast is striving to shatter our faith in God and Christ. We have not time to speak at length of the revival of religious scepticism during the last quarter of a century, nor to review the time-worn arguments *pro* and *con*. It seems to me, however, that the sceptics are "too superstitious," like the men of Athens in the Apostle's day. Take, for example, Renan. Polished, reverent, even spiritual, he has every name of praise for Christ save one, but he makes of Him who brought life and immortality to light, so far as His claims to divinity are concerned, an unconscious and involuntary impostor, self-deceived and deceiving others. His theory of the raising of Lazarus will answer for an example. He asks us to believe, that Lazarus being sick almost to death, his friends, without the knowledge of Christ, shut him living in the tomb, and caused Christ to appear to himself and to the uninitiated spectators, to work the miracle of raising him from the dead!

In my opinion there is no credulity so great as that of religious unbelief. There are no men so doatingly credulous as the great lights of modern science, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. When I was a boy I possessed a copy of *Mother Goose's Melodies*, with a picture of the

"three wise men of Gotham" who "went to sea in a bowl;" one of them paddling with a sieve, another looking at the man in the moon through a telescope, and the third trying to bring him down with a pop-gun. So the modern wise men, Huxley, Darwin, and Tyndal, have paddled out on the great sea of nature in their bowl, and are trying to make out God's purposes with their petty spy-glasses, and to bring down the Almighty from his throne with their puny conjectures. Is it not easier to believe in an intelligent and personal God, and in a rational reading of the Mosaic account of creation, and the miracles of Christ, and the Christian scheme of salvation, and in heaven, than in protoplasm and evolution, and the potentiality of matter and non-existence after death? It is not the Christians, but the scientists who are superstitious.

But now, like Cato, we are "weary of conjecture." Shakespeare says: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!" But we have seen how feeble a creature is man, in spite of his boasted powers. How little we really know! The goal of knowledge is forever receding. The lamp of conjecture sheds but a feeble ray to illuminate the illimitable unknown. We move in doubt and darkness. Man beats against the limitations of time and space like a bird against the bars of its cage. The phenomena of nature are beyond our ken as well as beyond our control. What do we know of the tides, the aurora, the thunder and lightning, of meteors and meteoric stones, of volcanoes, of tidal waves, of cyclones, pestilence, famine and drought? How feeble are man's struggles against the dread forces

of nature! We send our great ships upon the ocean and they are never heard of; the earthquake swallows up and the tornado overwhelms proud cities. If we endeavor to enslave these forces they rebel with dreadful effect. How sceptical is man of nature's bounty! Even now he is conjecturing how long her wood and coal will last, and what he shall do when they are exhausted. How really ignorant is man of the nature of the commonest things! Color—is it a positive attribute or only the gift of light? Is the violet blue in the dark? No one really knows, and wise men are conjecturing. The scene of man's temporal home is not fully explored; many have left their bones amid the ice of the pole; the sources of the Nile have only just been discovered; the marvellous empire of China is scarcely yet known. Many of the problems of history still escape solution;—who was the man in the iron mask? The site of Troy, discovered, if at all, only yesterday, serves mainly to show that the ancient city was built upon the ruins of one still older, of which we know nothing. We are not sure of the alleged facts of history; the iconoclasm of modern investigation has destroyed many historic idols. We are not certain even of the events of the last twenty years in our own country. We hardly know whether to credit alleged events strictly contemporaneous. Our science, how imperfect and short-sighted! The law—uncertain and contradictory. Medicine—empirical and experimental. We cannot even foretell the weather with any accuracy. What do we know of the future duration of the circumstances of this time? For example, the Catholic Church—is it in its decadence or not? Mr. Lecky, in a passage of great eloquence, declares that it "is no longer a living organism; its signifi-

cance is but the significance of death." On the other hand, Macaulay depicts that church as likely to be in full vigor and prosperity when a traveller from New Zealand shall take his seat upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. How little does a man know of his own individual history! let him try to trace his genealogy. What do we know of the great mystery of life and death? One has conjectured that the dead are the truly living, and that men and women are but ghosts. The essence of the modern science seems to be that man is an ameliorated ape, God is a law of matter, and the future is a blank. Man thirsts for knowledge, but how short his time for learning!

> "Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
> It hurries all too fast to mark their way;
> In vain sedate reflections we would make,
> When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take."

An old writer has conjectured that if a man's will were strong enough he need never die. This reminds one of Wordsworth, who said to Lamb that Shakespeare was greatly overrated, and that he could write just like Shakespeare if he had a mind. "Yes," replied Lamb, "if you had the mind." And so the old writer sighed, "Man doth not yield himself unto the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will." There is a stronger will than ours, a greater knowledge than ours; and poor human nature will aspire and struggle and hope and conjecture through its petty day, until it shall yield to that will, and then perchance it may acquire that knowledge. Our conjectures will be solved only when we cease to conjecture. Then shall we know even as we are known.

BIBLIOMANIA.

OF all the desires that from time to time have taken possession of the souls of men, none has been more engrossing and enduring than the hobby of collecting books. Other passions have had their day. The Dutch tulip craze raged fearfully while it lasted, but was of ephemeral duration; postage-stamps, autographs, clocks, pipes, and walking-sticks seem declining in interest; mulberries have long since gone to seed; the cackle of fancy hens is scarcely heard; numismatic madness has faded away with the Pillars of Hercules; china, pottery, rugs, bric-a-brac, are having their little day; but Bibliomania, after a period of comparative inaction, is now breaking afresh into that feverish extravagance which marked its prevalence more than half a century ago.

Certainly there is no pursuit in which the fancy takes wider or more diverse ranges, or in which more reckless expenditure is incurred; and it is equally certain that no outlay is regarded by the world at large as quite so foolish and unremunerative as that in books. A rich man fills his stables with horses at fabulous prices, and a stock-breeder pays $30,000 for some cow with a royal name, and nobody thinks these things strange. But when a gentleman of literary tastes expends $17,000 for a copy of the Mazarine Bible, the first printed book, as happened a few

years ago in England, the other gentlemen, whose tastes incline to natural history, regard him as a lunatic. Why, it is difficult to say. Blood-stock may die to-morrow, certainly will die some time, and their remains are worth no more than those of the plebeian kind; while a rare book, with proper care, will outlast the life of empires and grow more valuable every day.

Book collectors, in the true sense of the term, are never agreed except in one particular: they all value the outside more than the inside; they regard the volume more as merchandise than as a vehicle of thought. It is the paper, type, ink, binding, date, and publisher, rather than the contents, that are the criterions of desirability.

One Bibliomaniac once said of another: "He knows nothing at all of books, I assure you, unless perhaps of their insides." And in one of the dialogues of Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, "I will frankly confess," rejoined Lysander, "that I am an arrant Bibliomaniac—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal——" "Hold, my friend," again exclaimed Philemon, "you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do Bibliomaniacs ever *read* books?" There is one class who buy solely on account of the paper; of these, one collects only books on thick paper, another only those on thin; one acquires only those of ample margins, or technically speaking, large paper; one prefers coarse, another fine, one drawing, another India paper; while the *ne plus ultra* in this direction is vellum.

Another class prize the book only on account of its binding; of these, one dotes on full-bound books, with gilt edges, while another tolerates nothing but half-bind-

ing, gilt tops, and rough or uncut edges; and another and very slovenly species care nothing for the leather, provided only the edges of the leaves are untrimmed. Another genus look only to the name of the binder, and still another to that of the publisher; to the first, a tome clothed by Bedford, Capé, or Matthews, and the latter, a volume printed by Aldus, Elzevir, Pickering, or "the Riverside," has peculiar charms. One person seeks only ancient books; another those of limited editions; another those privately printed; a fourth wants nothing but presentation copies; yet another only those which have belonged to famous men; and still another illustrated or illuminated books. There is a perfectly rabid and incurable class, of whom the most harmless are devoted to pamphlets; another, rather more dangerous, to incorrect, or suppressed editions; and a third, stark mad, to playbills and portraits. One man affects folios, another searches for *bijou* editions, and another, quite sensible, will tolerate neither folio nor quarto. Another class, especially rabid, accept mainly nothing but first editions, technically known as *principes;* or sometimes only *fifteeners*, alias *incunabula*—that is, books printed in the fifteenth century, the first century of printing. Others, styled Rubricists, have a rage for books with the contents and marginal references printed in red ink. One patronizes the drama, one poetry, one the fine arts; another books about books and their collectors; and a very *recherché* class devote themselves to works on playing-cards, angling, magic, or chess, or the jest-books and *facetiæ*. We have reserved for last mention those unhappy beings who run up and down for duplicates, searching for every edition of their favorite authors. Of course tastes differ

as to the size of the collection. One seeks to form a small and select library, another a large and comprehensive collection. Among the latter was Richard Heber, who possessed a collection whose numbers could not be expressed in less than six figures, holding that one needed three copies of every book—one for use, one for show, and another to lend his friends. Finally, the struggle among all these persons always is to get something that no one else has acquired, which is then called *unique;* or to procure a more sumptuous copy than his neighbor's.

The mania for book collecting is by no means a modern disease, but has existed ever since there were books to gather, and has infected many of the wisest and most potent names in history. Euripides is ridiculed by Aristophanes in *The Frogs* for collecting books. Of the Roman emperor Gordian, who flourished (or rather did not flourish, because he was slain after a reign of thirty-six days) in the third century, Gibbon says, " twenty-two acknowledged concubines and a library of sixty-two thousand volumes attested the variety of his inclinations, and from the productions which he left behind him it appears that the former, as well as the latter, were designed for use rather than for ostentation." This combination of uxorious and literary tastes seems to have existed in another monarch of a later period—Henry VIII.—the seeming disproportion of whose expenditure of £10,800 for jewels in three years, during which he spent but £100 for books and binding, is explained by the fact that he was indebted for the contents of his libraries to the plunder of monasteries. Cicero, who possessed a superb library, especially rich in Greek, at his villa in Tusculum, thus describes

his favorite property: "Books to quicken the intelligence of youth, delight age, decorate prosperity, shelter and solace us in adversity, bring enjoyment at home, befriend us out-of-doors, pass the night with us, travel with us, go into the country with us."

Petrarch, who collected books not simply for his own gratification, but aspired to become the founder of a permanent library at Venice, gave his books to the Church of St. Mark; but the greater part of them perished through neglect, and only a small part remains, which may now be seen. Boccaccio, anticipating an early death, offered his library to Petrarch, his dear friend, on his own terms, to insure its preservation, and the poet promised to care for the collection in case he survived Boccaccio; but the latter, outliving Petrarch, bequeathed his books to the Augustinians of Florence, and some of them are still shown to visitors in the Laurentinian Library. From Boccaccio's own account of his collection, we must believe his books quite inappropriate for a monastic library, and the good monks probably instituted an *auto da fé* for most of them, like that which befell the knightly romances in *Don Quixote.* Perhaps the naughty story-teller intended the donation as a covert satire. The walls of the room which formerly contained Montaigne's books, and is at this day exhibited to pilgrims, are covered with inscriptions burnt in with branding-irons on the beams and rafters by the eccentric and delightful essayist. The author of *Ivanhoe* adorned his magnificent library with suits of superb armor, and luxuriated in demonology and witchcraft. The caustic Swift was in the habit of annotating his books, and writing on the fly-leaves a summary opinion of the author's merits; whatever else he had, he

owned no *Shakespeare*, nor can any reference to him be found in the nineteen volumes of his works. Military men seem always to have had a passion for books. To say nothing of the literary and rhetorical tastes of Cæsar, "the foremost man of all time," Frederick the Great had libraries at Sans Souci, Potsdam, and Berlin, in which he arranged the volumes by classes without regard to size. Thick volumes he rebound in sections for more convenient use, and his favorite French authors he sometimes caused to be reprinted in compact editions to his taste. The great Condé inherited a valuable library from his father, and enlarged and loved it. The hard-fighting Junot had a vellum library which sold in London for £1,400, while his great master was not too busy in conquering Europe not only to solace himself in his permanent libraries, and in books which he carried with him in his expeditions, but to project and actually commence the printing of a camp library of duodecimo volumes, without margins, and in thin covers, to embrace some three thousand volumes, and which he had designed to complete in six years by employing one hundred and twenty compositors and twenty-five editors, at an outlay of about £163,000. St. Helena destroyed this scheme. It is curious to note that Napoleon despised Voltaire as heartily as Frederick admired him, and gave Fielding and Le Sage places among his travelling companions; while the Bibliomaniac appears in his direction to his librarian: "I will have fine editions and handsome bindings. I am rich enough for that." The main thing that shakes one's confidence in the correctness of his literary taste is that he was fond of *Ossian*.

Southey brought together fourteen thousand volumes,

the most valuable collection which had up to that time been acquired by a man whose means and estate lay, as he once said of himself, in his inkstand. Time fails us to speak of Erasmus, De Thou, Grotius, Goethe, Bodley, Hans Sloane, whose private library of fifty thousand volumes was the beginning of that of the British Museum; the Cardinal Borromeo, who founded the Ambrosian Library at Milan with his own forty thousand volumes, and the other great names entitled to the description of Bibliomaniac. We must not forget, however, Sir Richard Whittington, of feline fame, who gave £400 to found the library of Christ's Hospital, London. The fair sex, good, bad, and indifferent, have been lovers of books or founders of libraries; witness the distinguished names of Lady Jane Gray, Catherine de Medicis, and Diane de Poictiers. It only remains to speak of the great opium-eater, who was a sort of literary ghoul, famed for borrowing books and never returning them, and whose library was thus made up of the enforced contributions of friends—for who would have dared refuse the loan of a book to Thomas de Quincey? The name of the unhappy man would have descended to us with that of the incendiary of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. But the great Thomas was recklessly careless and slovenly in his use of books; and Burton, in the *Book-hunter*, tells us that "he once gave in copy written on the edges of a tall octavo *Somnium Scipionis*, and as he did not obliterate the original matter, the printer was rather puzzled, and made a funny jumble between the letter-press Latin and the manuscript English." We seriously fear that with him must be ranked the gentle Elia, who said: "A book reads the better which is our own, and has been so long known to us that we know

the topography of its blots and dog's-ears, and can trace the dirt in it to having read it at tea with buttered muffins, or over a pipe, which I think is the maximum." And yet a great degree of slovenliness may be excused in Charles, because, according to Leigh Hunt, he once gave a kiss to an old folio Chapman's *Homer*, and when asked how he knew his books one from the other, for hardly any were lettered, he answered: "How does a shepherd know his sheep?" The love of books displayed by the sensual Henry and the pugnacious Junot is not more remarkable than that of the epicurean and sumptuous Lucullus, to whom Pompey, when sick, having been directed by his physician to eat a thrush for dinner, and learning from his servants that in summer-time thrushes were not to be found anywhere but in Lucullus' fattening coops, refused to be indebted for his meal, observing: "So if Lucullus had not been an epicure, Pompey had not lived." Of him the veracious Plutarch says: "His furnishing a library, however, deserved praise and record, for he collected very many and choice manuscripts; and the use they were put to was even more magnificent than the purchase, the library being always open, and the walks and reading-rooms about it free to all Greeks, whose delight it was to leave their other occupations and hasten thither as to the habitation of the Muses."

Hear the gentle Elia on this topic: "Rummaging over the contents of an old stall, at a half book, half old iron shop in Ninety-four alley, leading from Wardour street to Soho, yesterday, I lit upon a ragged duodecimo, which had been the strange delight of my infancy; the price demanded was sixpence, which the owner (a little squab duodecimo of a character himself) enforced with the assur-

ance that his own mother should not have it for a farthing less. On my demurring to this extraordinary assertion, the dirty little vender reinforced his assertion with a sort of oath, which seemed more than the occasion demanded. 'And now,' said he, 'I have put my soul to it.' Pressed by so solemn an asseveration, I could no longer resist a demand which seemed to set me, however unworthy, upon a level with his nearest relations; and depositing a tester, I bore away the battered prize in triumph."

Bindings occupy the same relation to books that clothing does to the human body, except that the clothing of books does not change until worn out, and looks the better for being old-fashioned. There is the same temptation toward gaudiness and extravagance in the one case as in the other. Charles Lamb had some sensible ideas on bindings. "To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume; magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished on all kinds of books indiscriminately; I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit; the dishabille, or half binding (with Russia backs ever) is *our* custom. A *Shakespeare* or a *Milton* (unless the first editions) it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel; the possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no ticklish sense of property in the owner. Thompson's *Seasons*, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared. In some respects, the better a book is the less it demands from binding. *Fielding*, *Smollett*, *Sterne*, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes —great Nature's stereotypes—we see them individually

perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be 'eterne.' But where we know that a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when that perishes,

> "'We know not where is that Promethean torch
> That can its light relumine;'

such a book, for instance, as the *Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel. Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted, but old editions of writers such as Sir Philip Sidney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenizened themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in costly and durable covers.

"To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios, would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymond Lully to look like himself again in the world—I never see these impostors but I long to strip them and warm my ragged veterans in their spoils."

Leigh Hunt, too, held similar views: "I confess my weakness in liking to see some of my favorite purchases neatly bound. For most of these I like a good plain old binding, never mind how old, provided it wears well; but my *Arabian Nights* may be bound in as fine and flowery

a style as possible, and I should love an engraving to every dozen pages."

Here then we have the true theory of binding books; good and rare books deserve a costly dress, none beside.

One may find precedents on either side of the question of rich binding, for Adam Smith was a dandy, and Dr. Bethune a sloven, in respect of this matter.

In view of the whimsicalities of Bibliomaniacs it has occurred to me that it would be useful to endeavor to render the binding of books suggestive of the contents. Thus, as to colors: one might appropriately dress military treatises in red, theological in blue, gastronomical in claret or salmon; books on magic in black, and a history of pugilism in blue-black; instructions for actors and singers in yellow, and guide-books and travels in orange. Again: one might bind *Lamb* in pea-green; the *History of the Friends* in drab; of the Popes in scarlet, and *Cicero de Senectute* in gray; while *Magna Charta* should always be preserved in violet. When one considers materials, he naturally looks for an account of the Crimean war in Russia, a history of the Barbary States in morocco, accounts of intestine convulsions in vellum, works on arboriculture in tree-calf, *Bacon* in hog-skin, biographies of celebrated women in muslin, statistics of the lumber trade in boards, a description of Saxony in sheep, and all love tales in plain calf with clasps. One's collection of criminal trials should be in full gilt, and accounts of famous sculptors in marbled sides and edges. Any history of the Baptists should *not* have sprinkled edges. All books relating to those of defective vision should be blind-tooled. Books about the deaf and dumb should be in quiet colors. Of course, books on similar subjects should

be similarly bound; for example, a description of Noah's Ark and the art of preserving pears; the *Complete Angler* and a geometry; a demonology and a spelling-book; the *Curtain Lectures* and a history of the gunpowder plot; statistics of the fever and ague and a history of earthquakes, and so on.

Time will not suffice to speak in detail of the Bibliomaniacs who reprint rare books from their own libraries in editions of limited numbers; of authors, like Walpole, who print their own works, and whose fame as printers is better deserved than their reputation as writers; of novelists, like Thackeray, who design the illustrations for their own romances; of illustrators who pull to pieces dozens of books for the pictures, in order to insert them in some favorite volume, whose text they serve to explain or depict; of amateurs who bind their own books; of lunatics who yearn for books wholly engraved, or printed only on one side of the leaf, or Greek books wholly in capitals, or others in the italic letter; or black-letter fanciers; or tall copy men; or missal men—but we must give a word of praise to those who gather books on special subjects. These, provided the subjects of their labor are useful or interesting, may be regarded, like physicians who adopt specialities of practice, or scholars who illustrate peculiar branches of knowledge, as public benefactors. Thus, Shakespearian collections are of immense value and convenience to commentators and students of the great dramatist, and form their place of resort; while classical libraries are the Mecca of scholars engaged in the solution of disputed linguistic questions. How much of early English poetry was preserved by the exertions of antiquarians, delvers like Ritson and Hazlewood, and found a safe repose on their

shelves? And even if the subject is not necessarily useful or practical, it may yet serve for pleasant relaxation and harmless amusement.

In nothing is the Bibliomaniac more plainly discernible than in his fastidious care of his books. The historian Prescott, it is recorded, "would often stop before the books, especially his favorite books, and be sure that they were all in their proper places, drawn up exactly to the front of their respective shelves, like soldiers on a dress parade, sometimes speaking of them, and almost to them, as if they were personal friends."

Luxurious cases, with glass doors and cloth-lined shelves, cushioned tables, print-stands, and outer morocco cases for specially gorgeous volumes, all attest the bookman's tenderness for his adopted children. How the wretched man suffers at seeing a favorite volume in the clutch of one unused to handling such wares, as a bachelor to dandling babies! How he groans when his pet's joints are cracked; and when the visitor wets finger in mouth to turn the leaves, how the sweat runs off his brow! For those barbarians who lay a book down upon its face, or mark a place by turning down a leaf, or write notes upon the margins, or pull it down from its shelf by the foretop, rather than by indenting the books on each side, or cut open its leaves with the finger, or rub the palm of the hand over the smooth morocco—for all such there must be peculiar and terrific punishments in store in the future state. Let not a satirical smile light up the countenance of the unbeliever when the book-possessed draws forth a choice missal from its velvet envelope; is not a rare book to be as well cared for as a meerschaum pipe?

From what has been said, it will be inferred that it

would be insane to expect a Bibliomaniac to lend a choice volume, unless, like Heber and Grollier, he possessed a duplicate copy especially for that purpose. It was doubtless to guard against thieves that the ancient books were chained up in the monasteries, but the practice was effectual also against borrowers. De Bury, in his *Philobiblon*, has a chapter entitled "A Provident Arrangement by which his Books may be lent to Strangers," in which the utmost leniency is to lend duplicate books upon ample security. Not to adopt the harsh judgment of an ancient author, who says, "to lend a book is to lose it, and borrowing but a hypocritical pretence for stealing," we may conclude, in a word, that to lend a book is like the Presidency of the United States, to be neither desired nor refused.

Of a class but little more unconscientious than borrowers of books are book-thieves. Book-stealing is a trade, and its successful pursuit requires high literary qualification. We are not now speaking of infractions of honor and courtesy made possible by the absence of an international copyright law, but of manual pilfering. Possibly the offence should not be regarded as anything more than venial. Courts of law would perhaps pronounce it *damnum absque injuria*, upon the same reasoning that the rape of the Sabine women has ever been leniently looked upon in history: the Romans needed wives, and so stole them. How much more judicious had they simply stolen books! But inasmuch as human nature is fallible, a stranger visiting the Bibliomaniac's library must not feel offended by finding his entertainer at his elbow when he is rummaging among the small volumes, however much he may be left to himself when busy with the folios and quartos.

To constitute a Bibliomaniac in the true sense, the love of books must combine with a certain limitation of means for the gratification of the appetite. The consciousness of some extravagance must be always present in his mind; there must be a sense of sacrifice in the attainment. In a rich man the disease cannot exist; he cannot enter the kingdom of the Bibliomaniac's heaven. There is the same difference of sensation between the acquirement of books by a wealthy man and by him of slender purse, that there is between the taking of fish in a net and the successful result of a long angling pursuit after one especially fat and evasive trout. To haunt the book-stores; there to see a long-desired work in luxurious and tempting style; reluctantly to abandon it for the present on account of the price; to go home and dream about it; to wonder, for a year and perchance longer, whether it will ever again greet your eyes; to conjecture what act of desperation you might in heat of passion commit toward some more affluent man in whose possession you should thereafter find it; to see it turn up again in another book-shop, its charms slightly faded, but yet mellowed by age, like those of your first love, met in later life—with this difference, however, that whereas you crave those of the book more than ever, you are generally quite satisfied with yourself for not having, through the greenness of youth, yielded untimely to those of the lady; to ask with assumed indifference the price, and learn with ill-dissembled joy that it is now within your means; to say you'll take it; to place it beneath your arm, and pay for it (or more generally order it "charged"); to go forth from that room with feelings akin to those of Ulysses when he brought away the Palladium from Troy; to keep a watchful eye on the parcel in the

car on your way home, or to gloat over the treasures of its pages, and wonder if the other passengers have any idea what a fortunate individual you are; and finally to place the volume on your shelves, and thenceforth to call it your own—this is indeed a pleasure denied to the affluent, so keen as to be akin to pain, and only marred by the palling which always follows possession, and the presentation of your bookseller's account three months afterward.

It is customary to ridicule the expenditure of money in books, beyond the few volumes "which no gentleman's library should be without," and which are usually the very books which any gentleman's library can best dispense with. The wise man will caution his book-loving friend against this vice, and at the same time knock the ashes from his cigar, not reflecting that he himself is burning up the price of a neat little library every year. Another sagacious adviser will give similar counsel, and at the same moment crack his whip over a thousand dollars' worth of horse-flesh, which is eating up large-paper and rich bindings at the rate of several hundred dollars annually. Another of these comforters is an inveterate billiard-player, or is a member of a boat-club, or wastes his evenings at an idling club. The wife even will look sober when the express-man stops at the door, and heave a sigh that agitates the husband's heart and a very brilliant set of diamonds on her own breast. Moneyed men hardly remark on these extravagances, but they deprecate any considerable expenditure in books. Now it is a mere matter of taste, but a man is not lightly to be blamed for preferring to spend an evening in his book-room to yawning at a club, or being spattered with mud or snow behind a span of fast horses;

or for investing a year's cigars and oats in a folio *Cæsar* or a wide-margined *Dibdin*, especially when he thus not only gratifies his hobby, but has his stores intact at the year's end. It must be said, too, in defence of the Bibliomaniac, that his habits are almost invariably praiseworthy and his morals irreproachable. While one is in company with Bacon and Shakespeare and Milton, he is in little danger of committing any undignified or immoral act.

Burton, in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quotes Heinsius as saying: "I no sooner come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance, and melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness." And Becatello wrote to Alphonso, King of Naples: "One thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best; he, who that he might buy a country house near Florence, sold *Livy*, which he had writ in a very fair hand; or I, who to purchase *Livy* have exposed a piece of land to sale?"

It is doubtless a good thing to be worth a million of dollars, although I confess I never tried the experiment; but there are some things better than money. I would rather have the capacity and inclination to converse with Shakespeare and Dante, for example, than to have a million of dollars; and in looking forward to the occupations of the future life, I would rather fit myself to commune with such souls than with Crœsus and Midas. He was one of the wisest of mankind who said the only earthly immortality is in writing a book.

A miser having died, one said to the dead man's lawyer, "So old So-and-so is dead? Did he leave much?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "he left everything—didn't take anything with him."

I would like to take something with me.

It remains to add a few practical hints on the collecting and adornment of books. Usefulness in some sense ought always to be at the bottom of book-collecting—usefulness either in art or letters. Nobody ought to collect books merely to show them or say he has got them. Mrs. Potiphar had a library of standard authors in wood and leather, and lost the keys of the book-cases. That is a resource sufficient for a good many men, and even for some who have large and fine libraries. The fundamental rule is to buy only such books as you want to read, and to read more than once. A man does not sit down at table unless he wants to eat, and he should not purchase books unless he is hungry to read. Collecting books should spring from the feeling that one cannot get along without them. There are some books, however, that are useful as monuments of the arts of printing, engraving, illumination, and binding, and one is excusable for acquiring them for study in these respects, as well as for perusal. The books of the fifteenth century, the first century of printing, are mainly desirable in this view, although of course many of them are valuable to scholars, especially in the study of the classics.

To a man who reads, the buying of one book entails the purchase of others. To instance my own experience, my first purchase was Prescott's Historical Works, at the age of eighteen. After reading *Prescott*, I felt that I must read Wilson's *Conquest of Mexico*, in which Prescott's

authorities and statements are seriously impugned. Prescott also necessitated the biography of Las Cases, and finally Squier's *Peru.* My early acquaintance with Prescott led me at length to "illustrate" a copy of his life by Ticknor. This, it seems to me, is the way in which libraries should originate and grow. One should buy books as he wants to use them. To take another example: it is impossible to read Ruskin's *Modern Painters* intelligently without constant access to the illustrated editions of Rogers' *Italy* and *Poems*, Turner's *Liber Fluviorum*, Campbell's *Poems*, Finden's *Illustrations of the Bible*, and of Byron's *Life and Works*, and the like. Therefore, when one gets *Ruskin* he must have these others. So a library should be like Topsy, not born, but should grow. Nothing more clearly stamps the hollowness of the pretensions that many people make of a love for books than two fashionable modern customs: one, to speak of a library as a room in a house without any books in it; the other, to put the books into the front and most public room in the house, instead of a retired and quiet apartment where one can read and write. Mrs. Potiphar doubtless had her library in her reception-room.

If one can afford it he should buy none but the very best editions at the start. Better, of course, have cheap editions, like the Tauchnitz, than none; but there is health, comfort, and economy in the best. The largest type is the best for the eyes and the brain, and the best editions, even of standard common works, will always be worth some money. There really is no economy in cheap books to those who can afford better ones. Many people seem to have conscientious scruples against buying books unless they can get them for a song, and books bought in this

way usually go in the same way, with a constant diminuendo to the song.

For ordinary private uses a good library need not exceed one thousand or fifteen hundred volumes. If it does not exceed these bounds the owner may read it and know it. There is a great deal of sheer vanity and vulgar display among book-collectors of wealth. I have been in many a superb private library whose owners knew little of books, except as merchandise.

A few words, in conclusion, upon the adornment of books, which, inasmuch as I have already spoken of bindings, must be confined to "illustration." This consists in adding to the books engravings of portraits, scenes and characters, and drawings and autographs, descriptive or reminiscent of persons, places, and events alluded to in the text. There are tradesmen in the large cities who keep stocks of prints expressly for illustrators, and in London a number of these men issue frequent catalogues of their stocks. There are also a great many publications exclusively composed of portraits, views, and scenes, sometimes all pertaining to a single author, which it is not extravagant to buy for this purpose; for example, Shakespearian illustrations; Lodge's and Knight's and the "Physiognomical" portraits; Longhi's superb Italian portraits; Worlidge's "Engravings from Ancient Gems," and Wil liams' "Select Views in Greece;" Finden's and Turner's views, of which I have spoken; Harding's "Views in Italy," and many others. If they are not all needed for the particular book in hand, they will "slop over" into some other. Thus "illustrating" breeds itself. Occasionally it is necessary to buy a book solely for a portrait or a view which it contains. One instance in my own ex-

perience, I recollect, was the very rare portrait of George Psalmanazar, the Formosa impostor, who deluded Dr. Johnson; and another was George Barrington, the famous English pickpocket, who was transported and became Governor of New South Wales—of whom the saying was originally made, "he left his country for his country's good."

As to the *modus operandi*, the first thing is to read your book. As you read it, make a list of the pictures it requires. If possible, get a copy in sheets, unbound, but if not, carefully take the book apart, and having procured the requisite pictures, lay them in at their proper places. If they are too large there is no resource, except the very extravagant one of having the pages mounted or "inlayed" to the necessary size. Sometimes special editions of limited numbers are printed on large paper for illustration. If the pictures are too small they can be easily and cheaply "inlayed" to the proper size. This is an operation of a good deal of nicety and rather beyond the skill of amateurs, but there are artisans in the large cities who do it.

The hunt for pictures is sometimes very exciting and engrossing. There are two singular things about it. One is, the moment you have your book bound some rare picture you wanted is sure to turn up. The other, when you find your rare print, you are pretty certain to find one or two duplicates; such prints, like accidents and crimes, seem to come in cycles. Some pictures which you would think quite common are difficult to get. For example, it was a long time before I found a satisfactory "Bluebeard," and I have not yet got a "Lady Godiva."

There are three modes of illustrating. Let me explain

the first and simplest by an example. In a memorial of Edward Everett, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, there is a passage quoted from Bulwer to the effect that the "love of mankind" may be called forth "by a Socrates to-day, by a Napoleon to-morrow; while even a brigand chief, illustrious in the circle in which he moves, may command it no less powerfully than the generous failings of a Byron, or the sublime excellencies of the greater Milton." Now for this passage I had a group of three busts of Socrates, the ugliest man of ancient times; a rare picture of Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, incorrectly representing him on *horseback;* a group of five Byrons; a Milton, and a portrait of Bulwer. In the same volume was a reference to Master Everett's teacher in penmanship, Master Tileston, and to the neat hand that the precocious lad acquired under his tuition; to illustrate this I had the original manuscript of a school composition written by Everett, at the age of eleven, on the "Importance of Public Education." The next method is to use, instead of a mere portrait, a representation of some famous event or incident in the life of the man whose name is mentioned. The Napoleon above-mentioned is an example of this. Suppose in the life of Titian you find an account of the Emperor Charles V. picking up the great artist's brush, which he had dropped; I should put in a picture of this incident. The third, and best mode, is the illustration of *ideas*, especially in poetry. For example, in the poem "To Ennui," in Halleck's *Croakers*, for the line, "The fiend, the fiend, is on me still!" I found a picture of an imp, sitting on the breast of a man in bed with the gout. It took me years to find that. In the same stanza is the line, "Like a cruel cat that sucks a

child to death." I found for this a picture in a children's magazine of a cat on the breast of a child in a cradle. And speaking of cats reminds me of the line in another *Croaker*, "And like a tomcat die by inches." For this I had a picture of a cat caught by the paw in a steel trap. These are things it would be almost impossible to duplicate. But the best thing in the *Croakers* is an illustration, in the poem "To Simon," of the line, "Buy a new eye-glass and become a dandy and a gentleman." "Simon" was "a gentleman of color," the favorite pastry-cook of New York half a century ago. In my copy I had here inserted a print from *La Fontaine*, representing a gallantly dressed man viewing his figure in a mirror, and I had got a friend to blacken his face and hands in water-color, but he has no "eye-glass." I have been some years illustrating another copy of the same work, which is still unfinished, and for this passage I have now a fine print of a colored gentleman, dressed in "tights" and a ruffled shirt, viewing a lady of African descent through an eye-glass. It would be impossible to improve on that. I recollect I once wanted to illustrate the phrase, "seeing the elephant," and found what I needed in a picture of Pyrrhus trying to frighten his captive, Fabricius, by suddenly drawing the curtains of his tent and showing him an elephant with trunk uplifted in a threatening attitude. I remember that the Roman general "didn't scare worth a cent." Among the hardest things to find were a tread-mill and a drum-major; I got the latter out of Frank Leslie's newspaper at first, but finally I found a fine print after Detaille, and the former came from a pamphlet published many years ago on the proposed use of the tread-mill in our State prisons. I have also found apt illustrations for the follow-

ing queer subjects, all in the *Croakers:* "Korah, Dathan and Abiram;" "Miss Atropos, shut up your scissors;" "Albany's two steeples high in air;" "Reading Cobbett's Register;" "Bony in his prison isle;" "Giant Wife;" "Beauty and the Beast;" "Fly Market;" "Tammany Hall;" "The dove from Noah's ark;" "Rome Saved by Geese;" "Cæsar Offered a Crown;" "Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon;" "Dick Ricker's Bust;" "Sancho in his island reigning;" "The wisest of wild fowl;" "Reynold's Beer House;" "A Mummy;" "A Chimney Sweep;" "The Arab's wind;" "Pygmalion;" "Danae;" "Highland chieftain with his tail on;" "Nightmare;" "Shaking Quakers;" "Polony's Crazy Daughter;" "Bubble Blowing;" "First Pair of Breeches;" "Banquo's Ghost;" "Press Gang," etc. To illustrate those ideas requires a knowledge of history, biography, mythology, local topography, romance, the drama, and the Bible.

Discrimination should be used in selecting a book for illustration. The book should not be a mere vehicle. It should be a favorite author, or a classic, or the life of a famous man, or a book peculiarly elegant in itself. Byron's *Childe Harold*, Walton's *Complete Angler*, Grimm's *Life of Michael Angelo*, are examples of proper subjects of illustration. But common and prosaic books, like histories, should not be adopted.

What I have said in regard to books proper for illustration is applicable to those which it is desirable to have in large paper. Only books intrinsically valuable for their artistic execution, or somewhat rare, or editions of a classic or favorite author, are appropriate in this form. To such the elegance of wide margins is a proper belonging. The "slender rivulet of text running between the wide

meadows of margin" is peculiarly grateful to the Bibliomaniac's senses. But the issuing of common histories, speeches, biographies, and such things, on large paper is ridiculous. A volume in large paper stands in the same relation to the rest of the edition that a proof engraving occupies toward the prints; it should be the earliest impression, struck off before the type or plates are worn. Otherwise it has no value, and issuing it is a mere trick of the trade. The most elegant books ever issued in this country in large paper, to my recollection, are the Boston editions of Walton's *Angler* and Ticknor's *Life of Prescott*. Such issues are peculiarly fit for illustrations, as they accommodate prints of all sizes better than the small paper copies.

Is there any use in this hobby?—it may be asked. In answer, I may say, it keeps one out of mischief and cultivates the taste. Moreover, it gives an exact knowledge of the book itself, and unconsciously teaches a great deal of biography, history, art, mythology, and the like. I do not know why one is not as well justified in thus adorning his books as in adorning his house or his stables.

SHAKESPEARIAN CRITICISM.

I DO not invite you to a learned philological or critical discourse. I have no pretensions for such an office. My purpose is rather to amuse my readers with some of the humors and absurdities of criticism on Shakespeare and his plays. While we owe much to judicious criticism for the correction of misprints, the emendation of obscure and incorrect passages, and the unfolding of hidden beauties in these immortal works, it must be confessed that the poet's critics have in many instances done their best to make him and themselves ridiculous, and not only have disguised his works, but have striven to unseat the man himself. In short, criticism on Shakespeare has run mad and beaten its own brains out. From this sweeping assertion I must except the celebrated English editor, Mr. Knight, and our own American scholars, Messrs. Verplanck, White, Hudson, and Furness. The variorum edition, which the latter is now publishing, illustrates both sides of my subject, and should be at the hand of every man who loves and would know Shakespeare.

But let us first inquire whether there *was* any Shakespeare, because if there was not it is of no use to spend our time on him.

The most audacious of many modern attempts at his-

torical iconoclasm is that which seeks to prove that the plays attributed to Shakespeare were not written by him, but probably by Lord Bacon. This conjecture would pull down from his throne the acknowledged sovereign of literature, and establish in his place the man who of all would have been the most incapable of writing these dramas. The theory, I believe, was originated by a lady of the name of Delia Bacon, but whether she conjectured herself to be descended from the rival whom she sets up against Shakespeare, I have no information. The craze of this most mad lady was adopted and advocated in a book of some six hundred infidel pages, by Mr. Nathaniel Holmes, of Missouri, who is said, I blush to relate, to be a lawyer and a judge, although it is evident he is no judge of Shakespeare. The whole contention rests on the assumption that it is impossible that a man of such slender attainments, as Shakespeare is known to have been, could have written these wise, profound, brilliant, and altogether unparalleled dramas. But just as it requires more credulity to disbelieve than to believe Christianity, so it is much more difficult to disbelieve than to believe Shakespeare's authorship. No theory resting in mere scepticism and denial can win its way or carry conviction. It is possible that the assignment of the plays to Bacon is intended as a posthumous compensation for the detriment which his moral character has suffered. But it will not atone for his moral delinquencies, and his intellectual reputation needs no enhancement.

As to the evidence, the arguments adduced to support the theory are of the flimsiest, extravagant, far-fetched, and laughably puerile description—such as a sensible man might use in his dreams, but only such stuff as dreams are

made of. To these credulous persons trifles light as air prove confirmation strong as holy writ. For example, Shakespeare's manuscript contains few alterations or erasures; consequently he must have copied from Bacon's! So some poet, in returning something lent him by Bacon, accompanied it by some composition of his own, and remarked that while he did not give as good as Bacon sent, yet he sent him "measure for measure;" consequently, Bacon wrote *Measure for Measure!* This would seem better evidence that the borrower himself wrote it. These are fair examples of the arguments. On the other hand, Bacon never claimed the plays in his life, nor by any of his remains; no contemporary can be shown ever to have suspected him as the author; all contemporaries who speak assign them to Shakespeare; and Bacon is the last man to whom they can be attributed, because they are entirely foreign to his style, as well in their glaring faults as in their magnificent beauties, and because to assign them to him in addition to his acknowledged works would argue him a more superhuman genius than Shakespeare, and vastly greater than any who has ever lived. If Bacon had written plays, would he have borrowed his plots, plagiarized some of his best lines and ideas, and committed gross anachronisms? Bacon left his reputation to the vindication of posterity. Does any calm man suppose he would not have left behind him a declaration of his authorship of these immortal works, if it had been his? Granting that he may have been deterred from owning the plays in his lifetime on account of the disrepute of the occupation of a playwright, this reason could not have weighed after his death. Moreover, the ambitious courtier would have been glad to read his plays to Eliza-

beth as Shakespeare did, despite the unpopularity of the vocation. The humorist of the New York *Times* says: "It is as easy to show the falsity of the delusion as to the existence of the Chinese language as it was to demonstrate the mythical character of the legends upon which the Christian religion was founded." Upon reasoning similar to that on which Archbishop Whately based his demonstration of the non-existence of Napoleon, James Freeman Clarke has jestingly proved that Shakespeare not only never wrote, but never lived. He says: "How can Shakespeare have been a real person, when his very name is spelled in at least two different ways in manuscripts professing to be his own autograph? And when it is found in the manuscripts of the period spelled in every form and with every combination of letters which express its sound or the semblance thereof? One writer of his time calls him Shakescene, showing plainly the mythical character of the name. His wife's name has also a mythical character, and is probably derived from his song commencing, 'Anne hath a way.' Again, if he were a real person living at London in the midst of writers, poets, actors, and other eminent men, is it credible that no allusion should have been made to him by most of them? He was contemporary with Raleigh, Spenser, Bacon, Coke, Burleigh, Hooker, Henry IV. of France, Montaigne, Tasso, Cervantes, Galileo, Grotius; and not one of them, although so many of them were voluminous writers, refers to any such person, and no allusion to any of them appears in any of his plays. He is referred to, to be sure, with excessive admiration by the group of playwriters among whom he is supposed to have moved; but as there is not in all his works the least allusion in return to any

of them, we may presume that Shakespeare was a sort of *nom de plume* to which all anonymous plays were referred —a sort of dramatic John Doe. If such a man existed, why did not others, out of this circle, say something about his life and circumstances? Milton was eight years old when Shakespeare died, and might have seen him, as he took pains to go and see Galileo, who was born in the same year with Shakespeare. Oliver Cromwell was seventeen years old when Shakespeare died; Descartes twenty years old; Rubens, the painter, thirty-nine years old—none of these have heard of him, although Rubens resided in England and painted numerous portraits there. Again, many important events occurred in his supposed lifetime, to none of which he has alluded—as the battle of Lepanto, the St. Bartholomew massacre, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the first circumnavigation of the globe, the gunpowder plot, the deliverance of Holland from Spain, the invention of the telescope and the discovery thereby of Jupiter's satellites. In an era of strenuous controversy between the Protestant and Roman religions, no one can tell from his works whether he was Catholic or Protestant. Unlike Dante, Milton, Goethe, he left no trace on the political or even social life of his time." His works display such an unprecedented universality of knowledge in one man, that he has been conjectured to be pretty much everything—lawyer, physician, soldier, courtier, tailor. "In a time when others collected and published their works, no collected edition of his appeared until long after his death. Nothing that can be pronounced an authentic portrait of him has come down to us, and the effigies which we have are clearly of a formal and traditional type, with their preposterous expanse of forehead."

This is very fine reasoning, and by the same line of reasoning, if we admit that Shakespeare lived, we might prove that Raleigh, Spenser, Bacon, Coke, Burleigh, Hooker, Henry IV., Montaigne, Tasso, Cervantes, Galileo, Grotius, Milton, Cromwell, Descartes, and Rubens never lived, because Shakespeare says nothing of them. After all, such omissions are no more singular than that Thucydides has nothing to say of Socrates, his great contemporary, nor that Plutarch, though the contemporary in his youth or in his old age of Persius, Juvenal, Lucan, and Seneca, of Quintillian, Martial, Tacitus, Suetonius, Pliny the Elder and the Younger, does not cite them, and in return his name is never mentioned by any Roman writer.

The text of Shakespeare's plays has given rise to some very remarkable conjectural criticisms. The variorum edition is almost as good a jest-book as Joe Miller's. We might well exclaim, in the words of Madame Roland, slightly altered, "Oh, criticism, how many follies are uttered in thy name!" Once in a great while an important and sensible emendation is effected. Thus, in the description of *Falstaff's* death, the words "table of Greenfields" long stood as the *pons asinorum* of the commentators. The scholar who suggested "'a babbled o' green fields," instead, conferred a boon on mankind. But what a narrow escape from a leap out of the pan into the fire! Mr. Collier's folio would read, "on a table of green frieze," the passage then standing, "his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze," which is quite a figure of upholstery. (Here let us observe that the conclusive argument in favor of the approved emendation seems to have escaped the attention of all the commentators until White. A

mere reading of the passage suggests it: "For after I saw him fumble with the sheets *and play with flowers*, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way: for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and *'a babbled o' green fields.*" What more natural than to talk of green fields after playing with flowers?) It is hard to believe that Pope was serious when he conjectured that the words were a stage direction for a "supe," by the name of Greenfields, to bring in a table.

Perhaps the most disputed passage in *Shakespeare* is "that runaways' eyes may wink," in *Juliet's* soliloquy, where she is longing for the approach of night and her husband, that "Romeo may leap to these arms untalked of and unseen." Who or what is "runaway?" Those commentators who preserve the word have different explanations, some supposing it to mean Cupid, a runaway from Venus, while others suppose it to mean the sun, Phaethon, the night, watchmen, or *Juliet* herself. Others think it means vagabonds or tramps. Others would read "enemies," "runagates," "unawares," "renomy's," "rumor's," "rumorers'," "roamers'," "roving," "runabouts'," "Luna's," "yonder," "runaway spies," "soon day's," "curious," "envious," "ribald," "Uranus'," "no man's," "Cynthia's," "sunny day's," "sun awake's," "sun away," "sun aweary," "rude day's," while one imaginative person, having the legend of Godiva in mind, would read, "no man's eyes may peep;" and the climax is capped by one who, reading "runaways'," explains it by referring to boys who at night tie a cat or a dog to a door-knocker, and then run away. Here are thirty-three different explanations, and the conjectures cover twenty-eight large pages in fine type in Mr. Furness' new edition.

A number of these conjectures may be easily set aside. The most ingenious one, Cupid, is disposed of by the reflection that he is usually represented blind, and therefore his eyes would always wink. In this very context Shakespeare speaks of "blind love;" in *Cymbeline* he speaks of the images of two "winking Cupids," and he makes *Mercutio* speak of "Venus' purblind son and heir," and the "blind bow boy." If Cupid could see, then, as Mr. White observes, the marriage night would be the very occasion when he would be, and would be desired to be, wide-awake. No inanimate object will answer, because *Romeo's* coming was thus to be "untalked of" as well as "unseen." "Enemies' eyes" will not serve, because friends' eyes would be just as objectionable. *Juliet* would certainly not have wished her own eyes to wink on this occasion. There is some plausibility in calling watchmen "runaways," judging from the standard of the modern police. "Unawares" would answer, but is inferior in beauty to "Rumor's eyes," especially when it is remembered that Virgil depicts Rumor with as many eyes and tongues as feathers.

Or take the passage in *Cymbeline*, where *Imogen* is excusing her husband's injustice to her, and says, "some jay of Italy, whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him." We have had, instead of this, "who smothers her with painting;" "whose feather was her painting;" and "whose muffler was her painting." All agree that by "jay" is intended a courtesan, and it seems to me that the poet simply meant to say, "whose mother was just like her."

The scholar who shall suggest a better reading for either of these passages will earn the solid gratitude of all students of literature.

Another passage upon which a great deal of gratuitous stupidity has been bestowed is the famous passage in *Macbeth*, "withered murder * * * with his stealthy pace, with Tarquin's ravishing strides, moves like a ghost." Nothing can be more felicitous than this description of the long, eager, stealthy steps with which the murderer or ravisher steals upon his victim. The word "strides" originally stood "sides," and the emendation is Pope's. Rowe, Malone, and Knight, however, preserve "sides." Knight says it is a verb meaning to match, to balance; that "ravishing" is a noun; and that the meaning is, murder, with his stealthy pace, matches *Tarquin's* ravishing. Dr. Johnson says a ravishing stride is an action of violence, incompatible with a stealthy pace, and he would read, "with *Tarquin* ravishing, slides," etc. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says of this: "*Macbeth* was treading on a boarded floor, up one pair of stairs, probably in a passage or lobby, which made a cracking noise, which obliged him, in his alarm, to take long and cautious steps. This granted, we may pretty safely adopt the word *slides*." Of course it immediately occurs to the reader that the castle probably had a stone floor, and a few lines further on *Macbeth* cautions the earth not to hear his steps, "for fear the very stones prate of my whereabouts." White says, "Pope's emendation will seem happy to every cautious person who has stepped through a sick-chamber, or any apartment in which there were sleepers whom he did not wish to wake, and who remembers how he did it.

Again, where *Macbeth* says the blood on his hand would "the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red," some have related "one" to "green,"

and made the passage stand, "making the green-one red." It is to be remarked that the poet has just spoken of "seas" in the plural, and of course he would not speak of them in the next line in the singular. The idea is plain—making the multitudinous green seas *one* red. Staunton finds it necessary to read, "making the green *zone* red."

So where *Macbeth* defies *Banquo's* ghost, he says, "if trembling I *inhabit* then, protest me the baby of a girl." "Inhabit" has disturbed the commentators. Most of those who accept it, read it in the sense of "stay within-doors." Others suggest "inhibit," "inherit," "exhibit," "evitate," "evade it," "flinch at it," "I inhabit then," "I unknight me then." But Mr. White has hit the true sense of the word when he cites, "Oh Thou who inhabitest the praises of Israel."

Indeed, the amount of stupid and unnecessary criticism that is inflicted on our great poet is almost beyond belief. For instance, in respect to the passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, where *Nurse*, calling for *Juliet*, says, "What lamb! what lady-bird! God forbid! Where's this girl?" so sensible an editor as Staunton remarks on the words "lady-bird," that they were a term applied to women of light and indelicate behavior, and that *Nurse*, remembering this, suddenly checks herself, and exclaims, "God forbid" —that I should apply such a name to my charge! Hereupon, Mr. Dyce deems it necessary to remark, "Staunton is certainly wrong," and to explain that the meaning is, "God forbid" that anything should have happened to *Juliet*. One hardly knows which the more to admire, the folly of Staunton or the simplicity of Dyce. If I could be permitted a suggestion, I would say that the refer-

ence was unquestionably to the popular Mother Goose melody:

> "Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
> Thy house is on fire, thy children will burn."

Nurse meant "God forbid" that any such bad fortune should come to *Juliet*, as the incremation of her palace and the contingent young Capulets with which it might be stocked. This now is something like.

Or take Lord Campbell in his conjectural pamphlet on the question whether Shakespeare was a lawyer, in which he comes to the conclusion that there is a good deal to be said on both sides, and very little certain on either. Among the arguments in favor of the affirmative, his lordship adduces the lines:

> "But my kisses bring again
> *Seals* of love, but *sealed* in vain."

If this sort of seals were now in vogue among the legal profession, a seal would probably be deemed necessary for every conceivable legal document, and consequently there would be even more lip-service among lawyers than at present.

Among the conjectures concerning the occupation of Shakespeare before he became a player, none is more entertaining than that of Steevens, founded on the passage:

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

The commentator is alluding to the trade of Shakespeare's father as a wool dealer or butcher, and conjectures that the poet followed the same business before he

came up to London. He first gives the passage in support of this theory, and then proceeds: "Dr. Farmer informs me that these words are merely technical. A woolman, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*"—and he emphasizes the point by the aid of italics—"lately observed to him that his nephew, an idle lad, could only assist in making them—'he could rough-hew them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*.' Whoever recollects the profession of Shakespeare's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such a term. I have seen packages of wool pinned up with *skewers*." It has always seemed to me a mystery how Shakespeare's spirit could wait for Steevens to die a natural death after writing that. Perhaps the poet thought that it was one of the decrees of Providence that poets are always to be misunderstood, and that the passage in question might fitly be read thus:

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough, hew them how we will."

These specimens encourage us to look a little further into the miscarrying labors of Shakespeare's editors and commentators. One of the choicest of these gentlemen is Becket, who might have been served as Henry treated his great namesake, without any necessity for repentance. A few samples will suffice. "'*Hamlet*. Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music.' 'Ventages with your fingers and thumb,' I would read thus: 'Govern these ventages and the *umbo* with your fingers,' etc. *Umbo* (Lat.), a *knob*, a *button*. The piece of brass at the end of a flute might very well be called a *button*." Oh, if one

could stop such *ventages* as this with fingers and thumbs what a dispensation it would be! But again: *Hamlet* in the grave with *Laertes* says:

> "Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
> Woo't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?"

On this Becket is thus delivered: "This proposition of *Hamlet* is too extravagant, too ridiculous to remain in the text. By such a reading the Danish prince appears to be a very Dragon of Wantley for voraciousness. I regulate the passage thus:

> "'Woo't weep? woo't drink? woo't eat? woo't fast? woo't fight?
> Woo't tear thyself?—Ape, Esil, Crocodile?'

'Up' is misprinted for 'Ape,' 'Esel' in old language is 'Ass.'"

It may be well to command our faces long enough to remember that Esil was a common term for vinegar, and also might have been a corruption of Issel, one of the affluents of the Rhine. So much for Becket—"off with his head."

We next call up Mr. Jackson—and there is no mistake about the latter syllable of his name, however much the reader may be inclined to doubt it after hearing some examples of his powers. Take the speech of the clown in *All's Well that Ends Well. Clown* has been singing an old ballad about the scarcity of good women, and then observes: "An we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may pluck his heart out ere he pluck one." Mr. Jackson says: "How can a *woman* be born?

A female, when introduced into life, is *an infant;*—the reading is highly injudicious, and the correction seems to have been made without reflecting on the incongruity which it produced. The old copy read: '*but o'er* every blazing star.' In my opinion, from the word *on* being badly formed, the compositor mistook it for *ore.* I read, 'an we might have a good woman, but on every blazing star or at an earthquake, etc.'" We may dismiss Mr. Jackson, with the injunction to study St. John's Gospel, chapter sixteenth, verse twenty-one: "But as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world."

But this same passage nearly proved too much even for Malone, who says: "'*Twould* mend the *lottery* well.' This is surely a strange kind of phraseology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *wheels* were employed, I should be inclined to read—lottery *wheel.*" If you are going to read *wheel,* why not go the whole figure, and read *pottery wheel?* This would make still greater nonsense, if possible.

Again, look at this passage in *Hamlet:*

> "*Marcellus.* My good lord,—
> *Hamlet.* I am very glad to see you; good even, sir."

The acute Jackson reads:

> "I am very glad to see *you* good; even, sir."

That is, as *Marcellus* has just called him "good," he gets

"even" with him by calling *him* "good." This is an odd way of getting even.

Bishop Warburton may next amuse or annoy us. The bishop evinced the great variety of his knowledge in his commentary on this passage in *King John:*

> "O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
> In likeness of a new untrimmed bride."

"Untrimmed," he says, "signifies *unsteady*. The term is taken from navigation." Perhaps the bishop found support for his notion that a bride was a ship in *Antonio's* speech to *Bassanio*, where he laments the loss of his ships, and says, "My ships have all miscarried." But again:

> "One inch of delay is a South Sea of discovery.

This is stark nonsense! We must read *off* discovery." Dr. Johnson made this all right, however: "This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus: 'One inch of delay is a South Sea. Discover, I prithee, tell me, etc.'" After this, who shall say that two heads are better than one? This will do for Warburton—and for Johnson.

One example will answer for the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio. *Imogen* says:

> "I have heard of riding wagers,
> Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
> That run i' the clock's behalf."

The corrector would read:

"Nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clocks, *by half!*"

Of Mr. Monck Mason we get a taste in his commentar on the following passage in *Anthony and Cleopatra:*

"Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swells with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame their office."

Mr. Mason would read, "tended her i' the guise," an construe "their bends" to mean the graceful curves c their tails! For this reading the letter *b* would seer superfluous—"their ends" would answer every purpose Mr. Collier's folio corrector has his say on this passage He reads, "*Smell* with the touches of those flower-sof hands." Even Mr. White seems a little astray here for he says: "If Mr. Collier must be literal, does h not know that cordage will swell with handling?" Now to relapse for a moment into soberness, is not this th meaning?—the "tackle" or cordage, loosened by th flower-soft hands, swelled with the swelling of th sails which the "tackle" confined and regulated? Mr White, with a proper sense of the absurdity of "smell," remarks: "Though it may be a very pretty compliment to suppose that the 'tackle' would '*smell*' (sweetly, o course,) with the touches of the hands of *Cleopatra*' ladies, the world will thrust upon me the profoundly tru observation, *mulier recte olet ubi nihil olet.*"

Another passage over which has arisen a perfect blaz of idiocy is this from *Timon of Athens*, in which *Flaviu* is lamenting his master's prodigality:

> " When our vaults have wept
> With drunken *spilth of wine;* when every room
> Hath blazed with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
> I have retired me to a *wasteful cock,*
> And set mine eyes at flow."

Of course this is very obscure. Hanmer interprets "wasteful cock" as a cock-loft or garret! Warburton coincides. Pope changes it to "lonely room." Knight reads "*from* a wasteful cock." Chalmers thinks it means a cistern waste-pipe. Now, why not "improvident rooster?" and "retir'd" in the sense of "gone to bed"?—meaning that having been up all night, he had not gone to bed until an unnecessarily vocal chanticleer was announcing the too-evident approach of day. There is nothing like a little common-sense in interpreting such passages; and what *can* Mr. White be thinking of when he says that the words in question mean wine-cask cock, or faucet?

Mr. White takes Johnson severely to task for his interpretation of *Lear's* words, "Age is unnecessary;" and if Mr. White is right, it ought to be embraced in the present collection of the absurdities of Shakespearian criticism. Johnson thinks the words mean, "Age has few wants;" Mr. White thinks they were used ironically to mean, "Age is superfluous." With great deference, we submit that for once Johnson is right, and for once Mr. White is wrong. Let us look at the context. *Lear* has been complaining to *Regan* of the treatment which he has received at the hands of her sister, *Goneril,* who has dismissed some of his followers—"She hath abated me of half my train." *Regan* replies that he is old, and "should be ruled, and led by some discretion that discerns your state better than yourself;" and asks him to return to her sister, and say

he has wronged her. Hereupon *Lear* flies into a passion, and kneeling down, rehearses the speech which he imagines himself to deliver to *Goneril*, asking *Regan* to "mark how it becomes the house:"

> "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
> Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg
> That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food."

The gist of the matter is his complaint at having his comforts and the number of his servants reduced; nothing about his being in the way; and so he asks *Regan* to note how unbecoming it would be in him, an unthroned king, to confess to his daughter that she was right in reducing his train, and in compelling him to beg for the bare necessaries of life. It is worthy of note that Shakespeare has here enumerated the items which the law regards as "necessaries"—a fact which may well be cited to show that Shakespeare had received a legal education.

One of the best satires on Shakespearian criticism is John Poole's *Travesty of Hamlet*, with notes after the manner of Pope, Johnson, Warburton, etc., published in London in the early part of this century. As it is not a familiar book I will give an extract. First the text:

> "*Ophelia.* I thank you—so 'tis best—you counsel right—
> My coach—three thirty-five—good-night, good-night."

Then the commentary:

> "*My coach—three thirty-five—*

"This is an exquisite touch of nature. *Ophelia* is now wavering between sense and insanity; she calls first for

one coach, and then for *three hundred and thirty-five* coaches."—*Warburton.*

"This I allow to be an exquisite touch of nature, but by the illustration which the Right Reverend has attempted its force is obstructed and its beauty obscured. *Three thirty-five* is evidently the *number* of the *hackney-coach* which brought *Ophelia* to the palace. And here the poet has given an instance of his unbounded knowledge of human nature. In a short interval of lucidity *Ophelia* calls for her coach; and then, regardless of the presence of the 'Majesty of Denmark,' she calls for it by its number, 335. This is madness pathetic and interesting; had she, as Dr. Warburton erroneously supposes, called for *three hundred and thirty-five coaches*, it would have been a representation of madness too terrific for exhibition on the stage. Madness is agreeable only until it becomes outrageous."—*Johnson.*

The reader of Dickens will remember in *Nicholas Nickleby* that *Nicholas*, while a member of *Mr. Crummles'* theatrical company, went with *Miss Snevillici*, the leading lady, to solicit the patronage of the leading townspeople for her "bespeak" or benefit. Among others, they called on *Mr. Curdle.* "As to Mr. Curdle," says the author, "he had written a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post octavo, on the character of the nurse's deceased husband in *Romeo and Juliet*, with an inquiry whether he really had been a 'merry man' in his lifetime, or whether it was merely his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him. He had likewise proved, that by altering the received mode of punctuation, any one of Shakespeare's plays could be made quite different, and the sense completely changed; it is needless to say, therefore, that

he was a great critic, and a very profound and original thinker."

Having been long engrossed by a passion for the study of Shakespeare, I was of course aware of the existence of this tract. Many years' fruitless search for it had, however, long since left me in despair of ever finding a copy. The author, whose modesty was equal to his merit, had printed but few copies, and those only for private circulation. Consequently, it never found its way into any of the great repositories of literature. Although Mr. Dickens refers to it, he does not say that he ever saw it. He may have derived his information respecting it from Mr Crummles, or from some member of his theatrical company. I had made most thorough researches and inquiries among the descendants of the Crummles family, and among the descendants of nearly every prominent member of that company, but in vain. My nearest approach to success was when I was informed by a grandson of Mrs. Henrietta Petowker Lillivick, that he had heard his grandmother say that she had once possessed a copy, but not esteeming it of much value had given it my informant's father, when an infant, to play with. I abandoned the search some years ago, but recently stumbled on a perfect copy of this inestimable treasure by merest accident. In the year 1869, I discovered it in the cabinet of curiosities belonging to the late Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne (formerly customs-officer at Salem, Massachusetts), an account of which may be found in that gentleman's sketch entitled *A Virtuoso's Collection*, and which, at the date of that sketch, was the property of the Wandering Jew by which designation Mr. Hawthorne was understood to mean the author of *Lothair*. By the courtesy of the

family of Mr. H., I was permitted to inspect this singular collection at my leisure. This precious volume lay between Alexander's copy of the *Iliad*, and "the *Mormon Bible* in Joe Smith's authentic autograph."

My delight at the discovery was greatly enhanced by observing that this copy (No. 6 of 25 copies taken off on large paper, none on small) seems to have been presented by the author to the great antiquary, and bears on its fly-leaf this inscription: "To Jona. Oldbuck, Esqr., from his obdt. servt. and co-labourer, Cream Curdle."

By the permission of Mr. Hawthorne's family I am enabled to present to the literary world an outline of the argument of this masterly treatise. It is a singular and significant coincidence, that this should occur contemporaneously with the publication by other literary seekers, of the lost books of Livy, which also formed a part of the Hawthorne collection. As the discovery of the long-missing portions of Livy may render it necessary to re-write Roman history, so it is possible that my discovery may establish new canons of Shakespearian criticism.

My only regret in connection with this subject is, that I am not able to furnish the public with any information as to the ingenious critic, beyond what is given in Mr. Dickens' historical essay on the boarding schools and theatres of England, known as *Nicholas Nickleby*. His life seems wrapped in as much obscurity as that of the great author whom he has done so much to illustrate.

The introduction to the treatise is as follows:

"Human ingenuity seems to have exhausted itself in conjecture on the principal characters of Shakespeare's drama. As to the precise degree of duskiness that obscured *Othello's* skin; as to *Hamlet's* age and figure;

whether the third *Richard* really had a hump; and a thousand similar inquiries, there seems to be no room for discussion, although they are by no means settled points. But in the chase after the prominent and apparent, it has long appeared to me that many of the great dramatist's more recondite beauties have lain unadmired, and many of his more hidden difficulties unexplained. In the crowd of the great, the grotesque, and the striking, the humble have mingled unnoticed. It has long been my favorite project to write a series of essays on these neglected passages and personages, and to do my modest endeavor toward presenting to the world all that can be ascertained or conjectured of their meaning and history. I am the more persuaded to this task, because I believe that every line and word of this prodigious genius is fraught with weighty significance, and that every character to which he makes even remote allusion is intended to convey a lesson.

"Then, again, I suspect that the popular judgment is erroneous in regard to many of the characters of the Shakespearean drama. For instance, I am by no means ready to admit that *Sycorax*, the dam of *Caliban*, was as black as the world generally supposes Shakespeare intended to paint her. True, he puts very harsh sentiments concerning her into the mouth of *Prospero*, but it must be remembered that the magician had driven her from her sovereignty, usurped her possessions, and enslaved her son, and naturally would not entertain kindly feelings toward her. We hate none so deeply as those whom we have injured. A defence of this unpopular but deeply slandered lady was to form the subject of one of my essays.

"Another essay I had projected on the geography of Shakespeare. I would show what great natural changes have been wrought since the times in which the scenes of his plays are laid. For example, Bohemia, now an inland country, must once have had a seaport, and Mantua, regarded in modern times as a rather unhealthy locality, was so salubrious in the days of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, that an apothecary had nearly starved to death there for want of custom.

"Another essay I had designed on the punctuation of *Shakespeare*, to show that by altering the received mode of punctuation any of his plays could be made quite different, and the sense completely changed. For example, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the following passage has always seemed obscure to me: '*Servant.* Madam, the guests are come, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry and everything in extremity,' etc. Now what is the sense of 'the nurse cursed in the pantry?' Who should curse her in the pantry, and why should she be cursed? Of course, the inference is, that she was cursed by the other servants; but why, pray? And why should one servant inform her mistress that these other servants were cursing the nurse? This is all wrong. Now we know that *Juliet* was of a hot and impetuous temper, and that the nurse was her personal attendant. We may infer, too, that nurse, like other servants, was frequently out of the way when wanted. Let us then alter the punctuation, and a flood of light breaks on us from this passage, and renders it at once sensible and characteristic: 'Madam, the guests are come, you called, my young lady asked for the nurse, cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity.'"

Then follows the passage from the play in relation to the nurse's deceased husband, which is too broad, as well as too long, for quotation here. The reader will *not* find it in the judicious Mr. Bowdler's *Family Shakespeare.* The gist of it is that *Nurse* has been gabbling away about *Juliet* and her age, and tells how when she was an infant she fell down and bumped her forehead:

> "And then my husband—God be with his soul!
> 'A was a merry man—took up the child,"

with a rather indelicate jest, to which the precocious *Juliet* responded "Ay."

The commentary then proceeds:

"The first query that naturally arises in an examination of these passages is whether the nurse's deceased husband really was a merry man in his lifetime, or whether it was his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him. All will agree that there is nothing in his language as reported that evinces any wit or a merry disposition. Consequently, the widow must have referred to some general trait which really, or in her imagination, characterized him. I am not aware that the husbands of nurses, as a class, are more merry than other men. Nor am I aware that widowed nurses are more apt than other widows to attribute merriment to their deceased spouses. We must look then for idiosyncrasies really existing in the husband's character, or supplied by the wife's imagination. Now can anything be found in the context to indicate that the deceased had any especial cause for merriment? I think so. The context shows that during his life his wife was engaged in the occupation of a nurse. It also depicts the husband as sitting and watching the in-

fant *Juliet* in her gambols. I infer, for reasons hereafter adduced, that this married pair had no children at the time in question. These things being so, the husband was evidently not an active contributor to the support of himself and his wife, but the latter supported both. Surely this was a situation well calculated to afford merriment to the husband. It would certainly be so regarded by most of modern husbands; for although there is in the masculine mind a theoretical abhorrence of the wife's earning the family subsistence, yet it seldom assumes a practical form.

"Starting with this foundation, we next infer that the husband's merry disposition was actual rather than ideal, for the reason that wives who support their husbands are not apt to invest them with any merely imaginary virtues.

"It has been conjectured by some that *Nurse* intended by the words, ''A was a merry man,' to indicate his occupation, and to say that he was a professional buffoon or zany. This is a conjecture not to be despised. The profession of a merry-andrew was a common and popular one in the time of the drama, as well as in the dramatist's own day, and it is quite consistent that one whose wife was a professional nurse should himself be a clown or pantaloon. This hypothesis is fortified by the fact that at Verona, where the scene is laid, are the celebrated remains of a Roman amphitheatre, and it is fair to presume that opportunity, as well as tradition, would inspire in the inhabitants a fondness for theatrical amusements, and that actors and pantomimists should be in demand there. The only thing that contravenes this idea is the fact, already made apparent, that Mr. Nurse was supported by his

wife, and thus was in no need of making merry professionally. And yet the personage in question may have been a jester, attached to the family of *Capulet*, whose wealth and standing were such as to justify this inference.

"The conjecture that *Nurse* intended by the parenthetical remark in question, to announce her husband's family —'a was a Merriman'—is not to be tolerated, and is only cited here to show how much difficulty commentators have found in this passage.

"So, too, the conjectural reading 'a was an American,' is insupportable. This reading was devised by some of my countrymen, who, in venting their spite against our transatlantic cousins, would make Shakespeare guilty of a gross anachronism. That God's mercy should be invoked for one because he is an American is an exhibition of British spite with which I have no sympathy. But the short answer is, that America had not been discovered at the time this scene is laid, and but little was known of it even in the dramatist's day.

"The conjectural emendation, 'a was a married man,' has more extrinsic evidence to support it, but still I cannot give it my adhesion. It is claimed by those who suggest it, that *Nurse* made the observation as explanatory of the husband's conduct toward *Juliet;* that because he was a married man, he 'took up the child,' an action undoubtedly more natural to the married than to the single. Some satirist of the married state has suggested that with this reading *Nurse's* exclamation, 'God be with his soul!' is more pertinent. This is a sneer at marriage which Shakespeare was not apt to make, and which I cannot approve.

"Another conjecture suggested to explain this obscure passage is that the phrase was 'mariner' or 'marryner,' as it would have been spelled in the dramatist's day. In this view, it is claimed, the prayer, 'God be with his soul!' is explicable on the hypothesis that the husband had been lost at sea. Again, say the proponents of this theory, the 'jest' seems, in *Nurse's* estimation, not to be in anything uttered by the husband, but in Juliet's response 'Ay.'

> "I cannot choose but laugh,
> To think it should leave crying and say—Ay.'

"Now, say they, 'Ay,' or 'ay, ay, sir,' is peculiarly a sea phrase, and when uttered by an unknowing child to a mariner, would of course have been laughable, but not so on any other hypothesis. This is not absurd, but it seems unnecessary; for as I have before indicated, the ordinary reading is defensible, and there is therefore no need of refining upon it.

"Assuming, then, that the nurse's husband was really 'a merry man,' let us inquire as to some of his other characteristics. We infer that the organ of philoprogenitiveness was largely developed on his cranium. The act of rescuing the little child was a most kindly one. Who but Shakespeare could have drawn such a picture? I infer from this and other passages that our dramatist himself was fond of children. The play does not disclose whether the nurse's husband was also a father at the time of the events dramatized. I suspect he was not. Although not conclusive, yet the fact that his wife was a nurse in the family of another is presumptive evidence that they themselves had no family. It appears that they had lost a child, and I judge it to have been their only

one. If they had had any children of their own at this time, the garrulous mother would have been pretty certain to refer to them, as well as to the lost one. This, I admit, is not conclusive, for women nowadays are much more apt to talk of dress and other vanities than of their children, and speak as little of their dead children as of last year's fashions. But there is one thing that leads me to be almost certain that this gentleman then had no children. If he had then been a father, he would not have been so moved by *Juliet's* misfortune, and so swift to rescue her, because such accidents are common among children, and their frequency hardens parents to their effects. They let their children pick themselves up, and then scold them for spoiling their clothes. But when the children and clothes belong to others, and thus the accident causes the custodians no expense or trouble, they give their sympathies play. If this had been his own child, with all his love of children, Mr. Nurse would not have been so merry. He would have regarded the stumble as a fault to be tolerated in other people's imperfect children, but not in his immaculate offspring."

But let us be serious, in conclusion. Conjecture has been usefully employed in endeavoring to determine whether *Hamlet's* madness was real or feigned. Books have been written on this point, and some strong arguments may be adduced on either side. Indeed, a great Shakespearian actor believed that his madness was partly actual and partly pretended. My own impression is that he commenced with simulating and ended with reality. "Seneca, the rhetorician, tells us of one Gallus, a rhetorician, who imagined that the transports of madness, well represented in dialogue, would charm his audience, and

took so much pains to play the madman in jest, that he became so in earnest." All are familiar with the internal evidences cited to prove the hypothesis of real madness, of which *Hamlet's* procrastination seems to us the most convincing. But the principal reason for my belief, and one that I have not seen adduced, is that on no other hypothesis can any adequate motive be assigned for the play. A pretended madness, assumed to gratify revenge, is a crude and commonplace idea on which to base the far-reaching consequences, and out of which to develop the sublime philosophy which stamps this the greatest of dramas. Such a plot would be exactly in the spirit of other dramatists—Webster, Marlowe, Massinger—but it is not Shakespearian. Besides, thus considered, the work would lose all traces of that exquisite discrimination for which Shakespeare is remarkable. Elsewhere he has treated of insanity of different degrees and nature, as in *Lear*, proceeding from filial ingratitude, in *Malvolio* from vanity, in *Othello* from jealousy. After these analyses, there would be nothing novel or forcible in the representation of mental disorder arising from grief at the death of a parent, and nothing elevated in the depicting of madness assumed as a cover for revenge. Then, again, in this very play, we have the madness of *Ophelia* arising from disappointed love. There is no reason to suppose that the dramatist intended to contrast real with pretended madness, for he makes no sufficient discrimination between them, and it cannot be that he intended in the same play to give two examples of madness, springing from similar causes. Moreover, we have had in Shakespeare an unquestioned instance of assumed madness in the character of *Edgar*, in *King Lear*. But if we regard *Hamlet* as one

who starting out to assume madness gradually falls a victim to real melancholy, as one who simulating a fever may excite himself into an actual feverish condition, this drama takes on a new and startling significance. It then occupies a fresh field even among Shakespeare's manifold and wondrous creations, and furnishes us with an intellectual analysis of insanity, flowing from a spring hitherto unknown to literature.

Let me say, in conclusion, that there are few old writers who have so small need of critical and conjectural help as Shakespeare. He has a vocabulary peculiarly his own, but his unskilled reader gets the meaning of most of his recondite words from the context and his own instinct. We are all learners at his feet. He is his own best commentator.

GRAVESTONES:

ESTHETICALLY AND ETHICALLY CONSIDERED.

OUR Puritan forefathers cared little to assuage the natural terrors of death. Indeed, one is almost disposed to think that they deemed it a solemn duty to enhance them. At all events, their neglect of the resting-places of their dead was well fitted to make one content to live. A New England burying-ground, even thirty or forty years ago, was the most neglected spot in the village. The thought of being laid away in such a place added a new terror to death, almost as keen as the little man's threat to the great man, that he would write his biography if he survived him. The graveyard was always placed where nothing would grow, and the only cultivation it ever received was the digging of an occasional grave. The ground was usually given by some citizen, who had found, by experiment, that he could not raise anything on it, and wanted to escape taxation for it. Its unsightly growth of weeds and grass, its ruinous fences or tumbling walls, its gravestones pitched in every direction by the assaults of the elements and the vaulting ambition of school-boys, all combined to make it repulsive. Everything like

decency in the care of it was regarded as a squandering c money, if not rather irreligious. Any suggestion of in provement met with small favor. God's acre was left t the exclusive care of the proprietor.

It is related of the late lamented Commodore Fisk, tha when appealed to for a subscription to rebuild the fenc around the burying-ground in his native town, he declinec saying that he thought it was a useless outlay; those wh were inside couldn't get out, and those who were outsid didn't want to get in. This was the feeling of the whol community, though probably few could give so plausibl a reason for it.

In New England literature we get two noteworthy dc scriptions of the burying-grounds of that country. I *Twice-Told Tales*—"Chippings with a Chisel"—Haw thorne says:

"In my walks through the burial-ground of Edgartown—where the dea have lain so long that the soil, once enriched by their decay, has returned t its original barrenness—in that ancient burial-ground I have noticed muc variety of monumental sculpture. The elder stones, dated a century back or more, have borders elaborate, carved with flowers, and are adorned wit a multiplicity of death's-heads, cross-bones, scythes, hour-glasses, and othe lugubrious emblems of mortality, with here and there a winged cherub t direct the mourner's spirit upward. These productions of Gothic taste mus have been quite beyond the colonial skill of the day, and were probabl carved in London, and brought across the ocean to commemorate the de funct worthies of this lonely isle. The more recent monuments are mer slabs of slate in the ordinary style, without any superfluous flourishes to se off the bald inscriptions. But others—and those far the most impressive both to my taste and feelings—were roughly hewn from the gray rocks o the island, evidently by the unskilled hands of surviving friends and rela tives. On some there were merely the initials of a name; some were in scribed with misspelt prose or rhyme in deep letters, which the moss an wintry rain of many years had not been able to obliterate. These, thes were graves where loved ones slept! It is an old theme of satire, the false

hood and vanity of monumental eulogies; but when affection and sorrow grave the letters with their own painful labor, then we may be sure that they copy from the record on their hearts."

And in Judd's almost forgotten but powerful novel, *Margaret*, we read:

"This spot, chosen and consecrated by the original colonists, and used for its present purpose more than a century, was conspicuous both for its elevation and its sterility. A sandy soil nourished the yellow orchard grass that waved ghost-like from the mounds, and filled all the intervals and the paths. No verdure, neither flower, shrub nor tree, contributed to the agreeableness of the grounds, nor was the bleak desolation disturbed by many works of art. There were two marble shafts, a table of red sandstone, several very old head-stones of similar materials, and more modern ones of slate. But here lay the fathers, and there too must the children of the town ere long be gathered, and it was a place of solemn feeling to all."

In the reaction against Puritan asceticism, it is possible that in our burying-grounds we are in danger of going to the opposite extreme, and of detracting from the proper dignity of the place by making it too much a theatre for artistic display. In modern practice, the cemetery is the pleasure-ground and park of the locality. It has the finest site, the greatest abundance and variety of trees, the best roads, the most picturesque lakes and water-falls, the handsomest bridges, the most inviting lodges and summer-houses, and everything is contrived to make us forget death. In short, the cemetery is now the perfection of landscape gardening. In the midst of the beauties of natural scenery, skilfully enhanced by art, it seems essential that the few objects designed to mark the proper use and purpose of the place should be regulated by good taste and correct principles of art; and that the cultivated sense should not be shocked by obtrusive and inartistic erections that almost make one sigh for the

huckleberry bushes of the New England graveyard of old time.

Let me offer a few practical suggestions about gravestones, or mortuary monuments, restricted to out-door monuments of private individuals.

The first point to be settled in the selection of a gravestone is the material. In this regard, durability is the main requirement. Here there is not much room for choice, for our climate imposes strict limitations in this matter. Ours is not, so to speak, an "out-of-doors" climate. A material which would be proper in the sunny clime of Italy would soon become impaired under our own stormy sky. Experience has shown that white marble will not answer in our climate. It soon becomes stained and defaced, and unless constantly scoured, like Aladdin's lamp or Mr. Stewart's house, it quickly loses its characteristic purity and beauty. Besides, it looks too cold under our cool sky, and when the earth is covered with snow, the whitest marble looks dirty. Sandstone is too friable, and yields too readily to the disintegrating influences of the weather. This has been proved by its use for many years in this country. The sandstone obelisks transported from Egypt to Europe have already, it is said, suffered much loss of sharpness of outline in their hieroglyphics. Nature has provided in every climate the material best adapted to the local architecture. The Carrara quarries of Italy and the sandstone quarries of Egypt furnish the materials best fitted for those countries, and in our land we need look not beyond the granite hills of New England. Granite seems on all accounts our best resource for mortuary monuments, not only for its superior durability, but because it is capable of a brilliant and last-

ing polish. Bronze is a very beautiful and durable material, but it can appropriately be used only in large forms, and is intrinsically, as well as for this reason, very costly. Modern use has conformed to the evident necessity of the case, and granite is now almost the only material from which out-door monuments are constructed. In respect to color, good taste banishes everything like variety from our graveyards, but a pleasing and good effect is produced by intermixing, with certain shapes of granite, our blue or reddish limestone, or the red Scotch granite, which takes a beautiful polish. The proper use of the Scotch granite is in combination, and not by itself, for an isolated shaft of Scotch granite looks painfully like cheap pottery. It has occurred to me that in the use of red granite a good effect might be attained by rough dressing and smooth dressing in combination with polished surfaces, which mode of treatment is so effective in the gray granite. A pleasing effect may also be attained by the combination of the light Concord with the dark Quincy granite. It is difficult to imagine what could have induced the adoption of those streaked and variegated cheap marbles which are sometimes seen in our older cemeteries, and which so strongly reminds one of that soap which prevails in country inns, or of those ingenious monuments of soap which were common in the Philadelphia Exposition. The use of colored glazed tiles in out-door monuments is of doubtful propriety, as well in point of durability as in point of color. It is to be noted that the Quincy granite is unfit for receiving inscriptions, as its dark color renders them nearly illegible, and necessitates the use of paint or gilding, both of which are perishable and unpleasant to the eye.

In regard to construction, it may be observed, that in addition to the evident necessity of a deep foundation below the frost-line, there should be as few joints as possible, and these should be horizontal rather than perpendicular, in order the better to resist the effect of the elements. For the same reason, the joints should be overlapped as much as possible. Owing to these laws, the use of tiles is objectionable in point of durability; the frost and the wet are quite apt to displace them.

It is evident from these limitations of material and color that the main resource of the designer must be in form. The cardinal rule as to form is that it shall be simple and severe. To my own taste, intricate carving and tracery, the elaborate Gothic forms, are out of place in a burial-ground. This is not the place for the display of dexterity in handling or skill in constructing. The forms should not be so attractive as to engross the attention for the art's sake, nor so delicate and slender as to become the prey of the elements. Probably the Cande monument in Greenwood cemetery is popularly admired but to me it is one of the most repulsive of monuments in respect to form, saying nothing of durability. It is a sort of a sugar-candy order of architecture that is more appropriate to a confectioner's window than to a cemetery, but is not so much to be wondered at when we remember that it was executed after a design by the young lady herself.

I think it may be laid down as a rule of good taste that the principal lines of a monument should be few, straight and compact. As durability is the chief requisite, it can best be attained by simplicity and solidity. Of course there may be well rounded and curved surfaces, but they

should be subordinate. Curved or concave lines in a shaft, excepting as flutings of a column, are entirely wrong, just as they are in a tower, or would be in the wall of a house. Anything like pagoda architecture should be avoided. The lines of a shaft may be converging or parallel, but the ascent should be decisive, not hesitating. The pure obelisk is always grateful to the sense, and the idea of ascent is best attained by isolation; a single shaft is better than a number of pinnacles. It is probably the gratefulness of this feeling of ascent that dictates that the principal lines should be perpendicular rather than horizontal. The spirit is not elevated by the contemplation of a low horizontal structure. And yet I do not deny that much has of late been accomplished in the use of horizontal lines, rising to a moderate height. Indeed, I think some of the most beautiful monuments in our modern cemeteries are in this form. But if this form is adopted, it should be in large and solid blocks. Nothing is more offensive than a slab laid on the earth, or mounted on legs like a table. It must always be borne in mind, however, that large horizontal surfaces require more care and are less durable than perpendicular structures. The slabs in old graveyards, overgrown with moss, grimy with dirt, and with their inscriptions obscured, are disheartening objects. The use of the horizontal form, too, should always be sincere; it should never seem to be what it is not, as for example, a sarcophagus. Literally, there is nothing in such an object. It does not even indicate a like object hidden underground, and if it did, it would be all the more offensive to good taste.

Mortuary chapels should be marked by simplicity. The mortuary chapel in the Troy (N. Y.) cemetery is a model

of this kind of erection, in every point of view—materials, color, form, and expense. It presents a refreshing contrast to a very elaborate and pretentious chapel in the Cincinnati cemetery.

In regard to columns I must say that except in combination with a building, I think they are not in the best taste for monuments. A column is properly an integral part of a building. It supports something. But a column standing alone suggests nothing but ruin or incompleteness, and on esthetic grounds these ideas are not to be tolerated in a cemetery. However it may be in human estimation, I suppose in the divine eye the life of man is always complete, or if ruinous, it is man's own fault, and attention should not be invited to that failure. Incompleteness in the human sense is not ruin. The idea of discontent or repining should never be represented in a monument. Rather the expression should be of submission, faith, aspiration. So the broken columns, which used to be so common, are not esthetically commendable, it seems to me. I once saw the use of the column singularly debased—I think it was in Greenwood—where three columns, broken off at different heights, were used to indicate the different ages of deceased members of one family.

At all events, the column must not be adopted as a support for anything foreign to its natural use, such as a cross, a statue, or any of those ornamental bird-cage devices, so common in modern Italian monuments. The sense of congruity is shocked by the Christian cross on the top of a pagan column, especially when placed, as I have seen it, on the top of an Ionic column, with its capital of rams'-horns, the imitation or suggestion of Jupiter's

locks. A statue on a column is always abominable in an artistic view, both from the sense of insecurity and of excessive remoteness. The Nelson monument, at London, and the Washington monument, at Baltimore, are the time-honored jests of the artistic world. I cannot conceive a case where a statue on a column could have any significance as a mortuary monument, unless it were a memorial of St. Simeon Stylites, who lived constantly for fifty-six years on the top of a pillar, "elevated in height as the saint drew nearer heaven and to perfection."

In regard to the use of statuary in out-door monuments, if it is permissible in an esthetic view, of which I have some question, it must be conceded that granite, the only fit and not over costly material for our climate, is very illy adapted to statuary. In the very best treatment of which it is capable, its lines are always harsh, both in facial expression and in drapery. As to marble, it must be said that unless a statue is more meritorious as a product of art than can proceed from any place but an artist's studio, we can well afford to dispense with it in our cemeteries. The statuary of the average gravestone manufacturer is quite detestable. Respectable statuary, like respectable poetry, is unendurable. A pure and high work of the imagination, like Palmer's Angel at the Sepulchre, at the Albany (N. Y.) cemetery, is exceptional, and outside the rule which we would lay down for the exclusion of statuary from the cemetery. The same may be said of the exquisite bronze ideal figure in the Troy (N.Y.) cemetery. It may be superfluous to remark, that the use of statuary in mortuary monuments should always be emblematic or ideal; anything like portraiture in a graveyard is not to be tolerated for an instant. The busts or statues of private men are of

little contemporary interest, save to their families, and of none at all to general posterity. Let their effigies be preserved at home like the Roman household gods. A shocking display of family portraiture in a graveyard is found in one of the most expensive monuments in this country, in central New York, where life-size *statues* of the widow and daughter are weeping over the *bust* of a departed husband and father, all under a great glass case.

Even a portrait statue of a public man is better placed in a more public and common situation. The proper place for our conventional soldier's monument in the form of a statue is a public square or park, where it may constantly appeal to the busy passers. Boston has recognized the force of this idea, by placing the statues of her great public men in her public gardens and the grounds of her public buildings, rather than at Mount Auburn. I will make one exception to this rule; a mortuary chapel in a cemetery is an appropriate place for a bust or statue of a public man who is there interred. But this exception extends only to public men. The public are not supposed to care for the effigies of private persons, and any parade of them is objectionable. In the cemetery at Cooperstown, overlooking Otsego Lake and the village founded by his ancestors, is a monument in memory of Cooper, the novelist, surmounted by an ideal statue of Leatherstocking, the hero of so many of his romances. This is a good example of the proper employment of ideal statuary in the burying-ground, and although a monument to a public man, is properly placed in the peculiar circumstances. If my memory serves me right, the statue is supported by a column, which is objectionable for the reasons I have mentioned.

It is a fundamental canon of art, that mere imitation of cheap, common, and ephemeral objects and materials should be eschewed. This law is applicable to the adornment of cemeteries. To illustrate this idea: a heap of stones, with a rude, wooden, bark-covered cross thrust into it, and the whole overgrown with vines, in certain circumstances is a touching and appropriate memorial, but certainly not where anything more dignified or more durable can be afforded. But the imitation in stone of such a monument—a very common imitation—is entirely indefensible by the laws of art. The more skilful the imitation in such a monument, the worse the art. It is insincere and unworthy—insincere because it professes a poverty which it does not suffer, and unworthy because it calls attention simply to the dexterousness of the art. There are, of course, instances in which a common object has acquired an emblematic use, and may therefore be properly imitated in stone, as for example, the anchor, the Christian emblem of hope. But such use should generally be strictly emblematic. Any attempt to use such an emblematic form to signify the occupation of the tenant of the grave or the manner of his death is ordinarily vulgar. And where the emblem is adopted, the imitation should be confessed; we must not use the real thing. For example, we could not tolerate an iron anchor on a monument. Still less could we endure even the imitation of an anchor over the grave of a manufacturer of anchors. Occasionally, where the occupation or the manner of death was one that was essentially noble or heroic, or appeals to our higher sympathies, such an adaptation may be tolerated. Thus I see nothing incongruous or inartistic in the adoption of the anchor for the

monument of a seafaring man, on account of its religious symbolism, but I have some doubt about the artistic propriety of adding the cable and capstan, which simply designate the man's business in life. In fact, anything commemorating the commercial occupation of the tenant of the grave can serve no purpose save to indicate that the old business is still carried on at the old stand by the sorrowing survivors. For example, on the monument of an expressman at Mt. Auburn, bas-reliefs depicting the *modus operandi* of the express business, such as a horse and wagon at full speed, and a big dog guarding a safe, do not raise devout emotions in the spectator. I once saw at the grave of a sea-captain, in Springfield, Mass., a dismasted ship on her beam-ends in the grass, carved out of stone. Whether this was intended also to signify that the deceased had been lost at sea, I do not know, but it seems hardly artistic, as the representation of a ship cast away in the grass calls up no sensation of terror or sympathy in the beholder. In myself it excited quite a different sensation. It made me think of the story of the canal boatman, who was narrating the circumstances of a wreck on the "raging canal," in which the noble vessel went down, and every soul on board perished save himself. "But how did you escape?" was the inquiry. "Well," said he, "I see how things was goin', and so I took my boots and stepped ashore." Now a monument that can suggest such an undignified reminiscence can hardly be artistically right. It is possible that such representations in the form of bas-reliefs on the surface of the monument may be permissible, but when they are made to assume an independent attractiveness, they lose their place. The famous "haystack" monument, at Williamstown, Mass., is an example

of the mingling of good and bad taste in this particular. This monument is built to commemorate the origin of the American Foreign Missionary system, on the spot where it was devised. The tradition runs that the projectors were in the habit of sitting under a hay-stack on the spot, and counselling together. So we have a hay-stack chiselled in relief on the side of the shaft. It might be taken for a projectile for a rifled cannon, or for a Dutch cheese. What pertinency it has, unless to suggest that all flesh is grass, I cannot imagine. On the top of the shaft is a massive globe, designed to represent the world, with continents and islands faintly outlined on it. This is not so bad, but it would be better if the literalism of the outlines had been omitted. It is a wonder that the designer did not paint the heathen parts of the world in black. But let us be thankful that the hay-stack was not put on top instead of the globe. An example of a monument representing the manner of an heroic death, is found in the famous firemen's monument at Greenwood—the statue of a fireman with a rescued child in his arms. I am not aware whether this represents an actual and particular occurrence, or is typical merely, and placed over the graves of brave firemen who have lost their lives in the performance of duty. This is an instance so strongly appealing to the best sympathies of our nature, that the idea adopted is entirely right; but it may be questioned whether it would not be better expressed in a high bas-relief. A most offensive example of the imitation of common and prosaic things, I once saw in a representation of a baby's worn pair of shoes chiselled on a gravestone. Nothing could be worse than this—but the real article, and that I once saw in a glass case on the top of a grave-

stone in a country burying-ground. The imitation of animal life on gravestones is usually prohibited by good art, even when designed to be emblematic. Let all the sentimental lambs be put into some other pasture than the graveyard. Sentiment is admirable, but sentimentality is sadly misplaced there. And do not let us have any doves and little boys on ponies. An exception to this rule exists in the case of monuments to public heroes, as for example, the famous lion at Lucerne, commemorating the devoted Swiss Guard who perished in defence of Louis XVI., and a most touching example in the Troy cemetery, where, at General Thomas' tomb, the eagle guards the patriot hero's sword. We have outlived the conventional weeping willow, and I hope, the broken flower and the broken rose-bud also. I am tired of broken rose-buds, but in the contemplation of a canker-worm gnawing off a rose-stem, on a monument at Newburyport, I experienced a more uncomfortable feeling than fatigue.

Our forefathers used alternately to terrify the survivor with skull and cross-bones, and enchant him with a cherub's head at the top of the gravestones, both usually equally terrific, by the way. All objects simply suggestive of death or decay should be ostracized. Of the sarcophagus I have spoken. Urns, I am glad to observe, have pretty much gone out of vogue, and the pall has had its day. Nothing more incongruous can be conceived than an urn in a Christian burying-ground, for cremation was a heathen custom, and if it should be reinstated in favor, there would be no use for monuments except as receptacles for the urns, in which case the urn would no longer be in sight. It is a pretty safe rule to dispense with all sorts of natural and artificial objects in the ornamentation of tombstones.

Of course the rule, like every other, has its exceptions, but like all other exceptions they simply tend to confirm the rule. The objection to such things is that they are apt to degenerate into sentimentality. Conventional objects and emblems may be indulged in, but they should be evidently appropriate and in harmony with our religion. I even think that the pagan butterfly would be more appropriate than a lamb over the grave of a child, for although the latter is the emblem of innocence, it may occasionally, in spite of the proverb that the good die young, find a place over a particularly terrible child, and so lose the advantage of truth; but the butterfly is the classic emblem of immortality and resurrection, and so is always appropriate. But it is quite safe to leave off such things. Again, all devices which simply draw attention to the personality of the deceased are inappropriate at the grave. For example, although every monument should exhibit the surname and the several christened names, what is the use of parading in addition the monogram of the head of the family? This is too much like the stationer's art, and makes one think of "no cards." The only monogram that I ever saw on a monument that is tolerable is one composed of alpha and omega. But no monogram, or any other device, ever ought to be cut on the shaft. For the same reason, I think coats of arms are objectionable. The graveyard is no place for the "boast of heraldry." Reserve them for carriages and plate. Besides being misplaced, they are in this country generally as false as epitaphs themselves. I have objected to portraiture. Occasionally I have seen medallions of the deceased on monuments, but it seems to me they are not in correct taste. The monument is designed to mark

the resting-place, and to perpetuate the memory, not the face or figure. Why should we struggle to preserve for the public gaze what God has decreed to perish? Banish such memorials to county histories. Let the perpetuation of the form exist in memory alone, so far as the monument is concerned. Another advantage in this course; imagination may convey to the stranger and to posterity a more favorable idea of the physiognomy than portraiture would do. A good many years ago there was a fashion in New England, in rural districts, of inserting a daguerreotype of the departed in the upper part of the gravestone! I suppose this ridiculous custom no longer obtains, but except in dignity of material and excellence of execution, it is only less absurd than carving a portrait medallion in the same place.

But if there is anything better deserving the prize for offensiveness than all others, it is any indication of an assumption that the tenant of the grave is a partaker of the glory reserved for the saints. Expressions of hope and trust in this regard are all well, but we ought to be a little modest about taking it for granted. A hand with an index finger pointing upward is a common example of what I mean. There is a vast amount of assumption in this sort of device, and in regarding the gravestones of certain persons whom I have known, I have thought that an asterisk would more correctly direct the thought. Now I never see this upward-pointing index finger without being reminded of a certain story, and as it was told me by a clergyman there can certainly be no harm in my repeating it. In certain localities in New England they have shops where they manufacture and keep on hand for sale a stock of ready-made gravestones with devices, in-

scriptions and epitaphs suited to every occasion, and only lacking the particular data, which are filled in to order. A farmer who had been deprived of his wife by death, wishing to show proper respect to her memory, and also to save time, asked a neighbor who was driving to market, to go to a shop of this description, and select for him a handsome head-stone for his wife, and at the same time gave him the necessary data for completing the inscription. The neighbor performed the errand, and in due course of time the stone was sent home executed in the first style of the art, with a touching epitaph about "mother" at the bottom, and at the top a hand with the index finger pointing upward, and under it the words "no graves there," all very appropriate apparently. But somehow it did not seem quite to suit the purchaser, for the fact was that his surname, and consequently that of his deceased wife, was—Graves! Prophetically, as well as historically, it probably had an unpleasant significance.

As to inscriptions they form a fertile subject of themselves, and are hardly within my province, but I may be allowed to offer one suggestion—eschew conventionality and pedantry. Conventionality is always unpleasant, but when associated with an affectation of learning it becomes ridiculous. "*Mors janua vitæ*" has been carved over many a grave, but to me it now only serves one purpose, and that is to remind me of an anecdote of Lord Kenyon, who was always quoting Latin incorrectly, and was very parsimonious. When his lordship died, "*mors janua vita*" was displayed on the hatchment. This served to emphasize his pedantry and his ignorance, but a wag of a lawyer insisted that the misspelling was intentional on his lordship's part in order to save the expense of the diphthong!

Every object in a Christian burying-ground ought to be consonant with the Christian faith. It is for this reason, in part, that urns are out of place there. The same idea would exclude everything like imitation of distinctively pagan forms of architecture, unless they have received the Christian sanction by use. I suppose the use of vaults will always be retained by those who shrink from bowing to the divine decree of "dust to dust," but if we are to have vaults, let us not have them in pagan forms. For example, let us not construct a vault in the form of an Egyptian tomb with the exterior symbols of that religion. A Greek temple is not so incongruous, because we have to some extent adopted Greek architecture in our religious edifices; but a Greek temple was not a place of sepulture, and we have better resources than either of these anachronisms. Standing the other day in Mt. Auburn, I saw a monument in the form of a sphinx, commemorating the downfall of slavery and the suppression of the Rebellion. But why a sphinx? It has no significance as a memorial of those who perished in the war, for Christianity will not admit that their fate involves any riddle. Possibly, however, it may convey a hint of the riddle of political reconstruction, or the unvarying silence of the great man who commanded our armies.

It remains to speak of a matter only indirectly connected with my subject, but of prime importance in any consideration of it, and that is, the cost of graveyard memorials. The expense of modern funerals has assumed such burdensome proportions as to call forth a protest from the clergy of many places, and the same excessive luxury and display have been carried into our cemeteries.

Some men are never content in life unless they lift the

eaves of their dwellings above their neighbors' houses; and among such there seems to be a sort of posthumous contest for the tallest and most costly monuments. I have said that all mortuary monuments should be simple and severe. Ostentation is horribly vulgar, as mere matter of ethics, in a cemetery, which ought to be the most democratic and levelling place on earth. Do the best we may in point of plainness and economy, such memorials will cost enough. A fashionable gravestone designer can command his own prices. I have now in mind a monument not very large, and by no means elaborate, which is said to have cost $10,000, or as much as a good dwelling-house with all the "modern improvements." The profit on such an erection must be enormous. How insignificant in every point of view is that monument when compared with one erected by the same person at half the expense, in the form of a bequest for a historical alcove in a public library. Better to have reversed the application of the two amounts.

Now I suppose a single individual has a legal right to erect a monument costing $10,000 or $50,000, but I very much doubt whether he has any moral right to do it. Expenditure beyond a modest sum in this direction does no good. It does not educate like a school or a college; it does not cultivate like a gallery of art; it does not shelter like an asylum; it does not heal like a hospital; it does not redeem and inspire like a church. Almost under the shadow of pretentious monuments, families are starving and freezing. If God has given a man abundance of this world's goods, and he wishes to erect a monument to himself, let him build in charity, in religion, in love, and let him attach his name to the donation, if he is in dread

of being forgotten, but do not let him heap up a pile in the cemetery, which will only call attention to his vanity and selfishness, and frequently to his smallness. I have noticed that the size and cost of mortuary monuments are generally in inverse proportion to the moral and intellectual worth of the builder. A man who made a fortune in pills or petroleum will cause a chapel to be erected over his grave, which will cost more money than Milton, Michael Angelo and Beethoven got for all their works. It is not for all to fulfil the Roman poet's boast, that he would build for himself a monument more lasting than brass. It is not of every one that posterity will say, as it says of the architect of St. Paul's, "If you seek his monument, look about you." Nor will the most lavish outlay on our part preserve our monuments or our memory. The most magnificent monument ever erected, that of Mausolus, King of Caria, which was one of the seven wonders of the world, has long since disappeared, and "Mausoleum" calls up no suggestion of the origin of the word or image of the monument. To whose memory were the Pyramids erected? In contemplating the Castle of St. Angelo, we forget that it was the mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian. The tomb of Cecilia Metalla survives two thousand years of Roman history; but the poet Byron, at the close of five magnificent stanzas devoted to conjecture upon the woman in whose memory the grand pile was erected, can only say:

> "But whither would conjecture stray?
> Thus much alone we know, Metalla died,
> The wealthiest Roman's wife; behold his love or pride!"

On the other hand, the mound of Marathon is imperish-

able, and so is the deed which it commemorates. The simple slab on Bunker Hill, inscribed "Here Warren fell," is more attractive to the pilgrim than the towering obelisk under whose shadow it lies. What monument more touching than the little flag which a grateful country annually plants on the graves of the heroes and patriots who died that we might live? In the Troy cemetery has recently been erected the hugest monolith of modern times, at an outlay of $50,000, over the grave of General Wool, a man who it is safe to say will not loom up in very large proportions in historical perspective. In contrast with this is a modest, low head-stone, almost hidden in the grass, in the old Concord burying-ground, bearing no inscription but a name—but that name the greatest in American literature—Hawthorne. That unique genius probably put his own sentiments into Miriam's mouth—at all events a wholesome and weighty sentiment—when he made her say:

"It is a good state of mind for mortal man, when he is content to leave no more definite memorial than the grass, which will sprout kindly and speedily over his grave, if we do not make the spot barren with marble. Methinks, too, it will be a fresher and better world, when it flings off this great burden of stony memories, which the ages have deemed it a piety to heap upon its back."

At Arqua are the mansion and sepulchre of Petrarch, of which the poet sings:

"* * * Both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fame."

If one would have his memory "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," he must build for others, not for

himself. Otherwise he will share the common fate—to be forgotten. A great or sweet life needs no care on the part of him who lived it. What will signify those gleaming masses on the wooded heights to him who shall sail up the Hudson a hundred years hence? But the public charities founded by those who slumber there will endure, and bless like the twice-blessed attribute of mercy.

" Such graves as these are pilgrim shrines ;
Shrines to no code or creed confined ;
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the Mind."